The Outlook

Volume 144 September 15, 1926 Number 3

Earthquakes and Earthshivers

PROBABLY every day there is some disturbance in some quarter of the globe that might by extension of the scope of the word be called an earthquake. Most of the slight earthshivers, if we may coin the word, occur in remote places and are not even noted in the news. Sometimes, as recently in Maine and elsewhere, they surprise people, do no other harm except perhaps to put a few cracks in the walls, form the subject of talk and newspaper comment for a few days, and are forgotten.

But the great earthquakes, which strike populated areas and occasionally a great city, are terrible in their devastation and in the impossibility of foreseeing them or resisting them. Scientists, to be sure, tell us about causes and about what regions and lines of geologic trend are especially liable to disturbance; but it were as easy to predict where lightning will strike as where the next life-destroying earthquake will appear.

The latest destructively severe earthquake struck those far-flung islands of the sea, the Azores, on August 31. These islands are 1,000 miles from the nearest American coast, 900 miles from Africa, and 830 miles from Portugal, to which politically the Azores belong. The whole population is not much over 250,000. Voyagers by the southern route to Europe and the Orient know their beauty and picturesqueness.

Horta, pictured here, is a little town on the island of Fayal. Its losses were the heaviest—small compared with those of great cities visited by this form of ruin, but large relatively. Some twenty-five people were reported killed, hundreds were injured, and over a thousand houses were overthrown. In miniature the town suffered as San Francisco did, for buildings had to be blown up, the water system was broken, and the suffering was even more from secondary causes than from the shock itself.

The Azores are of volcanic origin and are in a belt subject to frequent earth-rocking, but this last shock has been the worst in many years.

A Military Strike

How serious the revolt in Spain was it could not be definitely ascertained early last week.

If the despatches that were allowed to leave Spain while the situation was critical were to be believed, the revolt was essentially a strike of the artillery branch of the Spanish army in protest against Primo de Rivera's orders establishing a system of promotion by merit in place of the customary promotion by seniority. This is the sort of disturbance that, in one form or another, is likely to happen whenever the comfortable arrangement by which those in any public service ad-

Wide World

Horta is the capital of the island of Fayal in the Azores. It was partly destroyed by the recent earthquake

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vance in grade, authority, and salary automatically with the lapse of time and without any special effort on their part is interfered with. There are likely to be protest and even rebellion when promotion by seniority is endangered in the public school system, or the police force, or any other organization under governmental control; but especially in the army. The protests may be muffled and the rebellion may be merely in spirit and not in act; but that will be because self-interest, that arouses the discontent, also usually counsels caution. There has always been, and probably there always will be, a considerable number of teachers who think that the schools exist for the teachers, and police officers who think that the police department exists for the police officers, and military men who think that the army exists for military men. This may be the explanation of the revolt in Spain, and the only explanation necessary.

There have also been, however, reports that republican leaders in Spain were planning to take advantage of this military strike to further their plans for the establishment of a republic—or at least to kidnap the King. It may be, too, that the revolt aroused to activity some who, though not republicans, are enemies of the de Rivera régime.

Apparently, the disturbances were confined to the northern provinces. Madrid seems to have been quiet and merely interested in the news. King Alfonso promptly signed decrees depriving the artillery officers of all authority over the rest of the army, and even suspending their pay and prohibiting them the use of their barracks or their uniforms. As a consequence of the action of the Government backed by the King, it was declared that the revolt was promptly quashed. If there was anything else of greater moment that happened but was concealed by the censorship, it may transpire before these words meet the eyes of our readers.

Are We Blocking the World Court?

Some European statesmen and publicists are asserting that the United States is attempting to dictate the matters in which the World Court may render opinions. The particular object of their condemnation is the fifth American reservation regarding its proposed adherence to the Court. This reservation provides that the Court shall not give advisory opinions on questions in which the United States has or claims to have an interest. Other nations which have accepted the authority of the Court as established consider our policy an interference in its functions.

Advisory opinions, however, are not an essential function of a Court, and as issued by this Court they might conceivably deal with matters involving, for instance, the Monroe Doctrine or immigration. In the League Assembly of September, 1924, Japan showed a disposition to secure approval of the use of League influence in international disputes adjudged to involve domestic concerns of one of the parties. That was generally understood to mean that the League might be called upon to take some action in a controversy over immigration.

Every one who understands American public opinion realizes that the United States would not recognize an advisory opinion of the World Court running counter to its policy towards Latin America or regarding immigration. It may be irritating to insist upon making such points clear in advance. But it is less likely to make trouble than to leave them unsettled as possible causes of unexpected conflict when feeling might be aroused over a particular case some time in the future.

What Will Happen at Geneva?

By voting to give a permanent seat to Germany the Council of the League of Nations has virtually changed the League from an organization of victors of the World War to an organization of European nations. When Germany applied for membership in the Council as a Great Power, there were at once complications. Spain would have a permanent seat also, and so would Brazil. So too, perhaps with more reason so far as her own interests were concerned, would Poland. But to give permanent seats to Great Britain, France, Italy, Germany, Japan, China, Spain, Brazil, and Poland, not to mention possibly Russia in the future, would be to affront the small states. When it became clear that Brazil would not have a permanent seat, she resigned. Spain and Poland protested.

The Outlook's Editor in Europe, Dr. Elbert Francis Baldwin, writes us:

> Spain differs from the states who are not Great Powers because, in times past, she has been a Great Power. She can never forget her former greatness, nor is it natural that she should. What is of more account actually, as a well-informed Spaniard here tells me, "she does not forget that she has been a very efficient member of the Council. As she reviews the accomplishments of other members of that body, she feels, not unjustly, that hers has been equal to any of theirs, and hence that she is entitled to a reward of merit."

When four years ago Spain applied for a permanent seat, this Spaniard noted, the Spanish were distinctly encouraged by Great Britain; now they are proportionately discomfited by the apparent change in Britain's benevolent attitude.

There are three courses open to the League. One is, as Lord Cecil proposed, to have a category of three kinds of states instead of two kinds, as at present: those with permanent seats, those with non-permanent seats, and those with semi-permanent seats. The idea is that there should be three semi-permanent seats to which states may be elected for three-year periods, and that a state once elected to a semi-permanent seat might be eligible for re-election. This would give an element of permanence to states demanding it without treating them as Great Powers. A second course, as an alternative, is the proposal not to have any permanent seats at all, but to have a free-for-all election each time; but that seems out of the question. The third course is that of purchasing Spain's contentment with a non-permanent seat and Germany's acquiescence in the admission of Poland to a seat in the Council by concessions. It has been proposed to placate Spain by replacing the Frenchman at the head of the administration of Tangier with a Spaniard. Germany may be placated by further reduction of the forces in the Rhineland.

At any rate, the League can spare Spain better than it can do without Germany. The refusal of the Spanish Government to have anything further to do with League activities for the present weakens the so-called Latin block at Geneva. The adherence of Germany strengthens the influence of the group of northern European nations. Coming together, the two developments may mean the shifting of the balance of political power in League conferences. It is a result which will hardly be welcomed by

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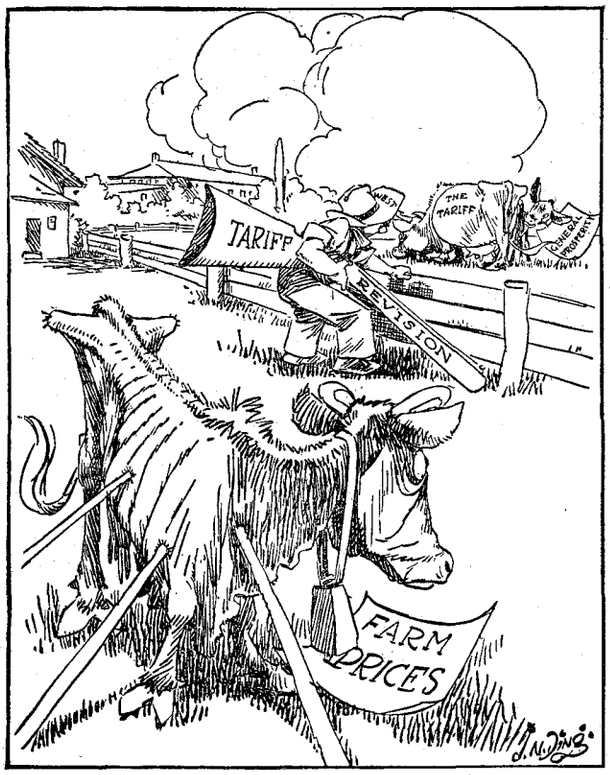
Did you ever cure any so?

(As You Like It, Act III, Scene 2)

Darling in the Buffalo Evening News



But shooting the neighbor's cow won't cure the ailments of his own

From Mrs. F. A. Goldthwaite, Buffalo, N. Y.

Morris in the Hartford Courant

"What this country needs is an effective spray for the automobile pest that infests our orchards!"—The Farmers

From Miss Minnie Jacobi, Falls Village, Conn.

North in the Washington Post

If he means it, let him cancel his Liberty Bonds

From Ernest A. Short, Washington, D. C.

Byck in the New York Commercial

Bum bait

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

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Mussolini, but the fact that Italy has voted for it indicates that he sees he must play the game with Great Britain and France.

Kemal Destroys His Enemies

At the end of July and at the beginning of August the Tribunal of Independence tried at Angora over a hundred ex-ministers, ambassadors, governors, and generals who were accused of having conspired against the existing republican régime and against the life of Mustapha Kemal Pasha, the President and the virtual dictator of Turkey. Seventeen of them were condemned to death and hanged in Smyrna on gallows constructed for this purpose along the quay, while many others were sent to exile or thrown into prisons. The alleged conspirers were leading members of the Unionist Party—that is to say, of the Party of Union and Progress (often called Young Turks)—which ruled over Turkey from 1908 to 1918 and which dragged Turkey into the World War.

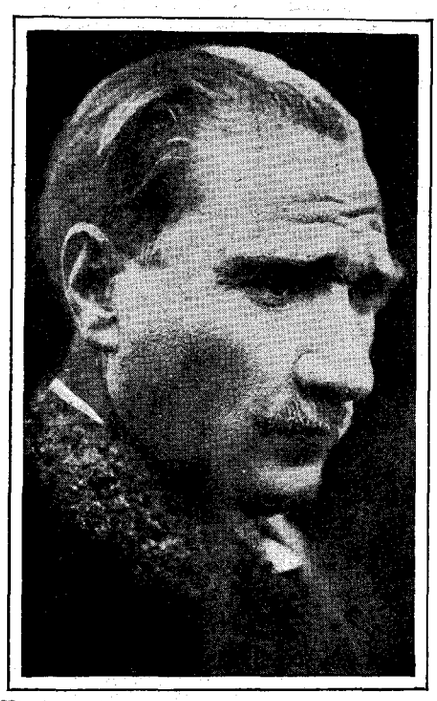
We do not know how far these men were guilty of subversive schemes. It seems to be true that one of their political friends, the secretive, daring, and fanatically inclined Kara Kemal (Turkey's war-time Minister of Supply), attempted three months ago the organization of a terrorist act against Turkey's dictator. His plot was, however, disclosed. Yet one can hardly believe that Kara Kemal's political friends tried in Angora were all his accomplices.

Mustapha Kemal Pasha had many reasons to dislike the Unionist Party, which has been for the last three years in opposition to him. We think of Unionists as, above all, men who, headed by the late Enver and Talaat Pashas, dragged Turkey into the World War and were largely responsible for the atrocious slaughter of Armenians. Yet Unionists rendered Turkey important services.

Will Kemal Destroy Himself?

Many men of this party assisted Mustapha Kemal Pasha in the war which he waged in 1919–22 against foreign occupants. But all of them sided against him when, intoxicated by brilliant victories, he began to "Europeanize" the Turkey which he had liberated. They believed that the abolition of the Caliphate, the separation of Church and State, the compulsory introduction of the European hat instead of the time-honored fez, were brutal measures. Europeanization is a good thing, they contended; yet when it is being introduced by such barbaric and Asiatic methods it can yield no fruit.

Moreover, Unionists criticised Kemal Pasha's reluctance to invite foreign capital into the economically ruined Turkey. They asserted that, without its assistance, Turkey could not rise to its feet.



Keystone

Mustapha Kemal Pasha

The Unionists formed a minority in the National Assembly. Yet this minority began to threaten Kemal Pasha. Speeches in which the Unionists criticised the dictator aroused the sympathy of wide masses of population, from peasants to mollahs and pashas. It is said that Turkey's public opinion was now by far less pro-Kemalist than it was three or four years ago. Kara Kemal's wild plot was an excuse for Mustapha Kemal to behead the Unionist Party.

The recent executions and banishments have virtually killed the Unionist Party. It lost on the gallows such men as Dr. Niazim Bey, its founder, who started in 1908 the revolution against Abdul Hamid; Djavid Bey, Turkey's former Minister of Finance; Shukry Bey, one of its best spokesmen; and others. Kemal Pasha has triumphed.

Yet will this strengthen his position? Will this not add to the dissatisfaction with his rule? These questions cannot be answered at the present time. But the history of the executed and banished Unionists proves that Kemal Pasha's dictatorship has entered upon a stage at which, in order to continue, it requires severe reprisals and sacrifices of human lives.

The Outlook for Oil

The Federal Oil Conservation Board has reported to Secretary Work that the supply of oil in the pumping and flowing well areas of the United States is about 4,500,000,000 barrels—a six years' supply in theory, though it cannot be extracted within that period. Up to June last the 68,000 wells bored since 1866 have produced over 9,000,000,000 barrels—an incredible quantity—but much of it was pumped during a period when the demand was far below the gigantic requirements of to-day.

The almost 20,000,000 automobiles calling for gasoline, the huge consumption in other internal-combustion engines, and the growing requirements of oil for fuel make the problem acute in its relations to industry and prosperity.

To-day the United States is producing and consuming seventy per cent of the world's supply of mineral fluids, with a total investment set at $9,500,000,000. The Conservation Board, which includes Secretaries Hoover, Wilbur, Work, and Davis, asserts that with the current production coming from about four per cent of the producing wells, most of them only a year or so old, and from fields discovered in the past five years, the future maintenance of current supplies implies constant discovery of new fields and new wells. The Board holds that the situation renders it imperative for the welfare of the Nation that every effort be exerted to obtain the maximum amount of oil from known fields and to promote conservation vigorously along various lines.

Exhausting the Inexhaustible

Future supplies, the Federal Oil Conservation Board avers, must depend on reserves, new fields, improved methods of recovery, better utilization of control, consumption, economics, supplies from distillation of shale and coal, and even from foreign oil fields. The Board urges better control of production and better mechanical devices for use of oil products, and also declares it important that American oil companies should acquire and exploit foreign fields.

"While the production of oil upon our own territory is obviously of first importance," the report says, "yet in failure of adequate supplies the imports of oil

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are of vast moment. The present imports from Latin-American fields amount to about 62,000,000 barrels annually of crude oil, against which we export about 94,000,000 barrels of products.

"The fields of Mexico and South America are of large yield and much promising geologic oil structure is as yet undrilled. That our companies should vigorously acquire and explore such fields is of first importance, not only as a source of future supply, but supply under control of our own citizens.

"Our experience with the exploitation of our consumers by foreign-controlled sources of rubber, nitrate, potash, and other raw materials should be sufficient warning as to what we may expect if we shall become dependent upon foreign nations for our oil supplies. Moreover, an increased number of oil sources tends to stabilize price and minimize the effect of fluctuating production."

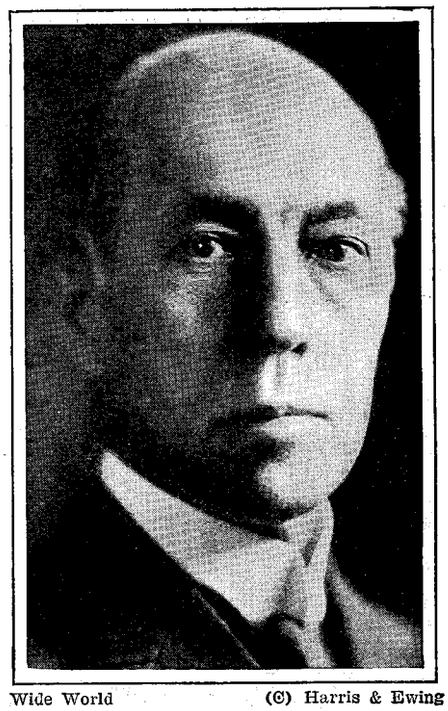
Security for the future, the Board holds, depends upon the following items:

1. The reserves already mentioned.
2. The possible discovery of new sands in the known areas by deeper drilling.
3. The possible discovery of new fields.
4. Improved methods which will recover a larger proportion of the oil out of the sands.
5. Better utilization of crude oils by diversion from less essential to more essential uses, such as conversion of fuel oil into gasoline.
6. Better control of the flush flow from newly discovered fields.
7. Economies in consumption by improved mechanical devices.
8. Supplies from distillation of oil shale and coal.
9. Foreign oil fields.

Americans are so in the habit of regarding all things in nature as inexhaustible that this report will jar their serenity, coming as it does from the highest possible authority. We must sooner or later realize that our neglect of the reproductive and our capitalizing of the destructive can have but one ending—Nation-wide calamity. Our wastage of coal has been a crime, the exploitation of oil is an orgy.

Mr. Root Indorses Mr. Wadsworth

ELIHU ROOT, sage of the Republican Party, has issued a benedictory sanction, as it were, of Senator Wadsworth. The fact that Mr. Root himself



Wide World (©) Harris & Ewing

Samuel M. Shortridge

was once Senator lends his words the weight of the indorsement of an expert. What is not least significant is that he goes outside of his own party and cites the encomium pronounced upon Mr. Wadsworth by the late Thomas R. Marshall, for eight years Vice-President of the United States, and as such the presiding officer of the United States Senate. According to Mr. Root, this Democratic leader, when asked who, in his opinion, was the most useful member of the Senate, replied, after a moment's thought, "Senator Wadsworth, of New York." Mr. Root bears witness to Senator Wadsworth's industry, to the clarity and persuasiveness of his arguments, to the belief which his words inspire, and to the respect which his opinions command. Of Senator Wadsworth Mr. Root furthermore says that his character is a powerful influence in favor of right and wise conduct. "He never tries to get into the spotlight," adds Senator Root, "or to make speeches merely for home consumption. He never seeks to curry favor with anybody or fears to follow his own sincere and honest judgment."

Keystone

James W. Wadsworth

Mr. Root's statement is evidence of the concern with which Republican leaders in New York State are viewing the coming Senatorial election. That Mr. Wadsworth has alienated thousands of voters in what is known as "up State" is obvious. He not only advocates the repeal of prohibition, but he opposes any statement by his party in favor of the enforcement of prohibition as long as it is on the statute-books.

Nobody thinks that Mr. Cristman, who is expected to be the candidate of those who believe in prohibition and its enforcement, will be elected, but in an election in which candidates of the two chief parties will advocate the legalizing of the liquor trade voters who want to register their opposition to that trade will have no choice but to vote for Mr. Cristman. Under these circumstances, it is not strange that Mr. Root thought it politically advisable to appeal to these alienated voters.

Significance of California Primaries

TWO points of National importance stand out from results of primaries in California—namely, the Republican nomination of a confessedly dry Governor and the Republican nomination of a strict Administration Senator.

California being overwhelmingly Republican, a Republican nomination is tantamount to a Republican election. Senator Shortridge, Republican choice, received over 300,000 votes, while John B. Elliott, the Democratic choice, received about 56,000. Judge Clark, Senator Shortridge's chief competitor, had all through the campaign the vigorous support of Senator Hiram Johnson and the Hearst press. The whole campaign was fought largely on the question of adhesion to the World Court. On this, as on other points, Senator Shortridge always appeared before the public as an Administration man to the dotting of the last "i" and the crossing of the last "t." His plurality of 96,000 over

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Clark is therefore greeted, and justly, as a signal victory for Coolidge policies.

The nomination of Lieutenant-Governor Young by a plurality of 12,000, although not overwhelmingly decisive, is significant by reason of the fact that Young has always been specially identified with the advocacy of prohibition. In pre-prohibition days Young ran for Governor on the Prohibition ticket. Although Governor Richardson has always stood for strict enforcement, the support given to the specially strong convictions of Young in favor of prohibition indicates a public desire for still more rigorous upholding of the Eighteenth Amendment.

As to the renomination of Mrs. Julius Kahn for the House of Representatives, it cannot be said to have much significance either way. Her notable success is due not so much to her wet advocacy as to the fact that the spectacle of the wife carrying on the work of her husband has not yet lost its piquancy in California as it has in Texas.

The nominations for the State Assembly and the Senate cannot be said to have any special significance. Both houses are overwhelmingly Republican, and incumbents have been for the most part renominated.

California Musicians' Strike

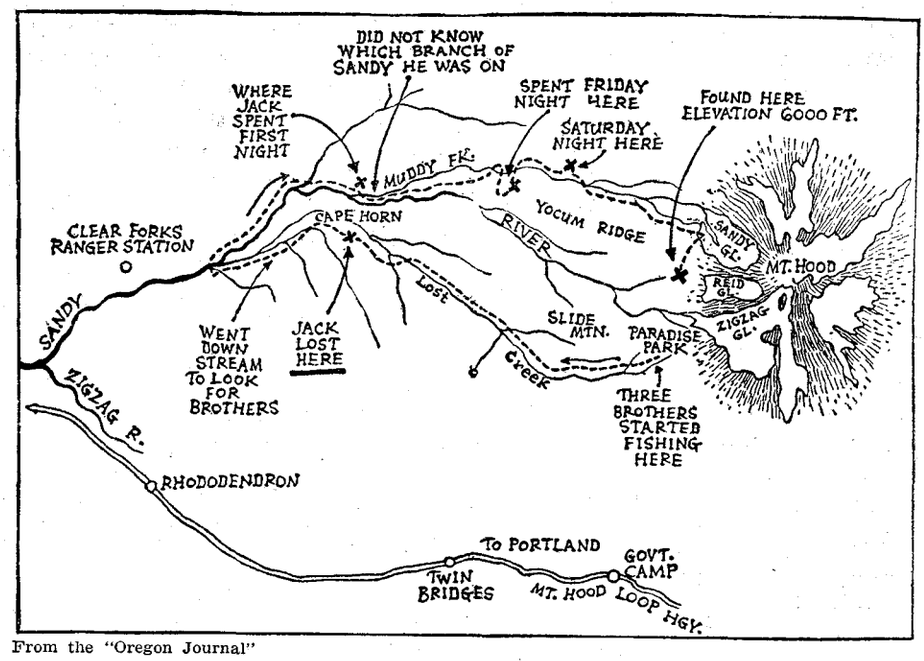
CALIFORNIA in general and San Francisco in particular seem to be achieving an unenviable reputation, not only for strikes, but for the vigor, not to say violence, with which they are carried on. The carpenters' strike in San Francisco, which began last April, still continues, and attacks by union men on non-union strike-breakers or non-union workers of any kind are still common.

The latest is the musicians' strike, which, originating in San Francisco, threatens to spread throughout the entire country and extend into Canada. Our correspondent on the Pacific coast in an air-mail despatch reports that for several weeks there has been dissension between the theater-owners and the musicians over the arrangement of terms of employment, centering mainly about the question of a six-day week. A final conference was held on August 31, but, as no settlement could be reached, the Musicians' Union called a strike, and the musicians were quickly joined by the stage-hands and the motion-picture operators. A complete hold-up of the sixty-odd theaters in San Francisco was the immediate objective, but the Allied Amusement Industries of Northern California tackled the situation with energy. Scores of musicians, stage-hands, electricians, and operators were rushed from Los Angeles, and on the first night of the strike all the theaters in the city opened their doors.

Meanwhile, however, the strike had spread. Los Angeles theater managers were served with notice that unless a settlement were reached before Saturday, the 4th, Los Angeles musicians would follow the lead of San Francisco, while reports were coming in to similar effect from as widely separated points as Denver, Vancouver, and Chicago.

The musicians claim that the purpose of the strike is to secure a six-day week; the managers insist that this is only a blind to secure an increased wage, and, with a view to driving this home, are inserting large display advertisements in the newspapers throughout the State showing the wage lists of the various theaters. According to these lists, no musician receives less than $75 a week, while in the larger theaters the wages are in most cases almost double this amount.

A serious aspect of the situation is that the musicians seem to be following the lead of the carpenters, and considerable violence is developing, while reports of sabotage are becoming unpleasantly frequent.



From the "Oregon Journal"

A Graphic Map of Jackie Strong's Adventure

Valiant Jackie!

AN Oregon correspondent sends us a thrilling newspaper account of the courage and confidence shown by a seven-year-old boy lost for three days and nights in the ravines, woods, watercourses, and glaciers near Mount Hood. The account is headed "Jackie belongs to Humanity Now," and our correspondent suggests that, wonderful as was Miss Ederle's feat in swimming the Channel, Jackie's feat is the more remarkable.

Remarkable it certainly was! This boy, Jackie Strong, came of sturdy stock and showed his native vigor and stanchness. A little less than eight years old, he never lost confidence in himself; for three days and three nights, after he was separated from his older brothers as they were all fishing, he pushed his way over "a wilderness of wind-swept canyons," subsisted on berries and raw fish, "made camp" for three nights, and, when he was convinced that he could not gain his objective on the plan he had thought out, changed it, and was calmly advancing in a new route when he was found by some of the two hundred searchers who had turned out to look for him.

Did Jackie cry? He did not! One rescuer says that Jackie "got mad" when they sent ahead for a doctor—"Don't want any doctor." Another says, "Didn't want anybody to carry him." Another, "Says he's good for another three days." As to the big search, Jackie exclaimed: "For me? Aw, gee, what are they doing that for?" But he put his arm around his mother's neck and remarked, "I got back." One can't help thinking of John Hay's "Little Breeches"—"I wants a chew of terbacker, and that's what's the matter with me."

It is this kind of confidence, persistence, and courage that has made our

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men of the Far West what they are and has made that country what it is.

Literature and Libel

IN writing "Show Boat," a story of floating theaters on Western rivers, reviewed in our Book Table this week, Miss Edna Ferber threw in, for contrast and good measure, an account of the unreformed Chicago of a generation ago as experienced by an infatuated gambler and his helpless wife. Incidentally, it is amusing to remark that the author is quoted by papers as having said in a recent interview: "Know nothing about your subject and then go ahead. I never knew a gambler, even though my heroine had to live with one." But if Miss Ferber knew nothing about Chicago in the days she pictures she must have certainly "mugged up" the subject extensively, for she gives names and places with startling realism.

Unfortunately, she wandered from Illinois to Indiana and made incidental mention of that well-known politician and hotel-keeper Mr. Thomas Taggart. Thereupon Miss Ferber obtained a kind of publicity for her book and herself which she was, as she has remarked, far from desiring. Perhaps she fancied that the perturber of party politics was a more or less mythical figure of the past. Far from it! Hence came rumors and threats of libel suits, offers to change "Tom Taggart" in the plates to Sam something or other of the same number of letters, dark forebodings as to damages already inflicted, hopes of all outside the fuss that it may be settled amicably.

The incident will certainly make Miss Ferber's fellow-authors a little cautious about the introduction of living people into their novels. The practice has sprung up of late; Miss Ferber is not by any means the first to employ the idea. Usually it is harmless; one fancies that the people introduced usually purr amiably at the compliment. But it is rather footless as a trick of fiction-art—and now we know that it has hidden possibilities of danger!

Charles Hopkins Clark

THE editor of the oldest newspaper to be published continuously in America is dead.

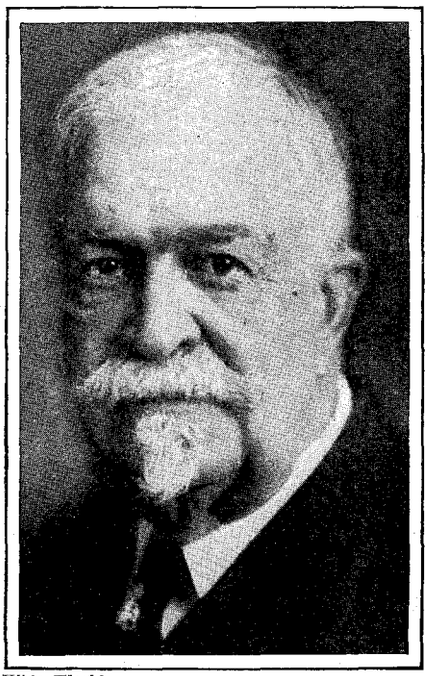
Charles Hopkins Clark, head of the Hartford "Courant," left this life on September 5, having guided that journal for thirty-five years. The "Courant" is an institution dating from 1764, and Mr. Clark was a very potent part of it. Unlike the ways of most Americans, Mr. Clark's services with this newspaper covered all of his career. As a very young man fresh from Yale he came by chance to the "Courant" office in October, 1871, when Joseph R. Hawley and Charles Dudley Warner were overwhelmed with work, and took hold with talent so much above that of the usual tyro as to win him immediate and permanent employment. Hartford is a good newspaper town for good newspapers. It has two of them, and one of these Mr. Clark made. He also performed an important part in the affairs of the Associated Press.

A Fellow of Yale, he further held posts of importance in Hartford business circles, though never taking public office. President Taft offered him the choice of an ambassadorship or a place in his Cabinet. He declined both. In his earlier days he wielded an independent pen, but with the coming of years accepted conservatism as his doctrine and upheld the Republican Party in Connecticut valorously through all its sins.

Personally, he was a man of charm, with special turns for belaboring the memory of Dr. Samuel Johnson and going a-fishing.

A Hundred and Fifty Years After

ONE hundred and fifty years ago the United States declared its independence; one hundred years ago the sage of Monticello died.



Wide World

Charles Hopkins Clark

In celebration and in memory of these two events the City of Brotherly Love has been attempting a repetition of that Centennial Exposition which was so important a landmark in the development of the United States.

Things have gone somewhat slowly with Philadelphia's Exposition. The exhibits and the buildings were not completed on time. The expected crowds failed to materialize. But it begins to look now as though this tremendous effort to celebrate our National independence and the achievements of one of our greatest leaders might, after all, be successful.

We learn from a recent newspaper article that five of the largest American corporations are planning to send delegations of two hundred men or more to visit the Exposition. We learn that the Governors of Maryland, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Illinois, Florida, and New Jersey are all going to visit the Exposition grounds. The decision as to whether Governor Smith, of New York, will attend trembles in the balance. Together with these notables it is expected that more than one hundred and twenty-five thousand other citizens of these free and enlightened States will journey to Philadelphia to visit the Exposition on one particular day. Not only will all these people journey expensively to Philadelphia, but they will also foregather in a great arena to witness that event which bids fair to place the Exposition on the highroad to success.

Are they going to sing National anthems in Independence Hall? Are they journeying to Philadelphia that they may say, "These eyes of ours have rested upon the Liberty Bell"? Are they going to burn incense in memory of the patron saint of the Democratic Party? Think, if you will, of a dozen other similar questions. The answer to them all is, "They are not."

The only anthem these pilgrims will sing will be composed chiefly of the phrases, "Sock 'em, Jack!" and "Atta boy, Gene!" for the occasion of this great gathering in the City of Brotherly Love will be the meeting of Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney in a fight for the heavy-weight championship of the world.

We wonder what would happen to the United States if our citizenry could for once get excited enough about its Government to shout with equal vigor, "Atta boy, Independence!" "Sock 'em, Liberty!" Probably it would be more profitable, however, if we should turn

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our speculative eyes upon things that may really happen.

Safeguards for Industrial Democracy

IN his two articles printed in the "Atlantic Monthly," the first in the issue for last January, the second in the current issue, Professor William Z. Ripley, of Harvard, has done good service to others besides investors. Sometimes Americans are represented as being all investors; but there are exceptions. And even among investors there are many who do not always look at public questions from the investors' point of view. There are some investors, moreover, who think of their ownership of stock, not merely as an opportunity to make money, but also as an obligation that accompanies ownership—an obligation to society in general and to employees and customers in particular.

As Professor Ripley points out, the wider the distribution of the ownership of a corporation, the less chance has any one owner of having his voice heard by the management. More than that, in the organization of corporations ownership of the property and management of the business have become to a large extent divorced. Not only are the holders of bonds without a voice in the management, but also owners of great classes of stocks. The ownership of corporations may have passed to Main Street, but the control of corporations seems still to be, perhaps more securely than ever, in Wall Street.

We shall not here endeavor to outline Professor Ripley's articles, or even to enumerate the evils he describes or the remedies he proposes. It is sufficient for our purpose here to say that the principal remedy which Professor Ripley urges is the exercise by the Federal Trade Commission of the powers that it already possesses to secure and disseminate knowledge now generally withheld from stockholders concerning the organization, business, and management of large corporations (except banks and common carriers) engaged in inter-State commerce. What concerns us here is the need of keeping clearly in mind certain distinctions which we think have tended to become obscure.

In the first place, the dangers that come from divorce of ownership and management or control are not to be regarded as dangers inherent in industrial democracy. We have found some readers of The Outlook inclined to dread the distribution of stock-ownership among employees and consumers, on the ground that such distribution creates an interest hostile to corporation control by the Government and indifferent to the evils of irresponsible management so long as dividends are forthcoming. It seems to us, on the contrary, that the more widespread the ownership of corporations, the more general will be the interest in all that pertains to their proper management and control. Indeed, it is significant that among the companies which have the best and most informative reports are to be found some of those with the most widely distributed stock-ownership.

In the second place, it should be borne in mind that the evils attendant upon the wide distribution of stock-ownership are primarily not evils of industrial democracy, but evils of political legislation or administration. Tool users are increasingly becoming tool owners. In the old days the man who handled a plane or wheelbarrow owned his plane or wheelbarrow. Then, when the plane became a power lathe and the wheelbarrow a derrick, he worked for men who owned the lathe or derrick. Now the man who works with the lathe is as likely as not to be part owner in derricks that other men work with, and the man who works with a derrick is as likely as not to be part owner in lathes that other men work with; and in some instances derrick-tender and lathe-worker may be part owners in their own derricks and lathes. Now this is industrial democracy. It does not necessarily follow that either derrick-tender or lathe-worker will have much or anything to say about the choice of lathe or derrick. Perhaps he ought to have. If so, the remedy lies in the law which creates the corporation through whose instrumentality he exercises ownership.

In the third place, the remedy for irresponsible management will be gained neither by the destruction of big corporations nor by the mere enfranchisement of the stockholder. Indeed, it is doubtful whether the evils of irresponsible management are as great in some of the biggest corporations as they are in many of the smaller ones; and it is quite certain that even if all stockholders were enfranchised they could not, as Professor Ripley points out, have very much to say about corporate management. Although it is the widespread ownership of corporations that has made democracy in industry possible, it is not through the owners of corporations as such that the management of corporations will be made responsible. It will be public opinion acting partly through Government authority but mainly by economic forces that will ultimately see that industry by the people will be industry for the people.

The Priesthood and Materialism

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

MR. H. G. WELLS has just published a new novel which has created a temporary furor in London because it deals with living personalities. The cable despatches say that it is written with his usual brilliance. He has no usual brilliance—that is to say, if the adjective usual is employed as a synonym of the adjectives uniform or consistent. Sometimes his brilliance is genuine, sometimes it is as shiny as tinsel. An example of Wells's tinsel wit is found in the following paragraph from his new novel:

> Were some one to discover some interesting, well-paid employment for ex-priests, I do not know what would happen to the Roman Catholic Church. I believe it would collapse like a pricked sawdust doll. Its personnel would come pouring out.

Now I hold no brief for the Roman Catholic Church. It has its hard and repellent side. Its superstitious theology is offensive to reason. Its political despotism is offensive to a sense of justice. A terrible picture of its iniquities may be drawn with historical accuracy. What happens when it attempts to assert its vast physical power in conflict with the civil authority may be learned by a study of the Italian *Risorgimento*, the French *Concordat*, and the present unhappy struggle in Mexico. But to say,

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as Wells does, that all the priests of the Roman Church are selfish and hypocritical materialists is as extravagant and unintelligent as the most superstitious article which he can find in the Catholic creed. The trouble with Mr. Wells is that he is one of the most superstitious men of the age. He has a childlike faith in crass materialism. He pooh-poohs any belief in the power of spiritual beauty. If he is as logical as he thinks he is, he must secretly cherish the opinion that all artists would like to be linen-drapers, that Keats would rather have been a livery-stable keeper than the author of "The Grecian Urn" if Society had only let him follow his bent. But, as Mr. Wells so thoroughly knows, Society, as at present organized, is, next to the Catholic Church, the most cruel and selfish combination in human history!

The fact is that the Roman Catholic Church has a beautiful side which appears to be wholly beyond Mr. Wells's comprehension. I happened upon, the other day, a charming little aquarelle in the New York "Sun" which in a few simple strokes reveals this spiritual beauty:

> The girl had spent last summer in the south of France, visiting old churches and gazing out over the blue Mediterranean. A longing to be back there grips her occasionally. She sighs for the lovely peace of the evenings, when she watched the peasants coming home across the fields and along the shaded roads, and saw their heads bend reverently at the sound of the Angelus.
>
> Last Sunday, a glorious day, clear, cool, with deep-blue skies, lazy white clouds, and leaves shimmering in the sun, she spent an hour up at the Cloisters on Washington Heights. Amid the ruins of the old French abbey and in the sweet, quiet walled garden she lived again the serene spirit of life as she had experienced it last summer.
>
> Outside the Cloisters she wandered along the road. The river was blue, blue as the Mediterranean, and across rose the Palisades, purple-black, brooding, majestic.
>
> Two big houses were set back from the street, surrounded by lawn and trees. Nuns were walking softly across the grass. In the front yard stood a large statue of the Gentle One with outstretched hands. An old woman with a white handkerchief on her head stopped before it, made a deep genuflection, crossed herself, whispered a prayer, and then went on down the hill.
>
> The girl smiled. Here was a bit of the Old World. An old abbey, blue water, and peasants praying at a wayside shrine.

This recalls an experience of my own. Many years ago I was leaving Milan on a very early train. Desiring to have a last glimpse of the Cathedral—which, in spite of its bizarre exterior, has one of the most beautiful interiors in Europe—I left my hotel soon after sunrise and stepped inside the great church. The early morning sun-rays piercing the superb stained-glass windows filled the mysterious building with a truly "dim religious light." As I stood just inside the great entrance, listening to the intonations of early mass coming from the distant chancel, an old man, evidently of the peasant class, entered, holding a small boy of nine or ten years by the hand—probably, I thought, his grandson. The man was of the tall, spare, finely chiseled Italian type. His clothing, old and evidently mended here and there, was scrupulously neat and clean. He took out a red bandanna handkerchief, spread it on the stone floor to protect his carefully cherished garments and those of his equally neat charge, and showed the boy how to kneel. I was the spectator of a first lesson in reverence. As I stepped out into the *piazza* to return to my hotel, I left the old man and his grandson kneeling there with bowed heads bathed in delicately tinted sunlight and in the faint strains of the distant organ. Mr. Wells would perhaps call this a pitiful display of superstition. But I have remembered it, and often thought of it with benefit, as a manifestation of that irrepressible belief of mankind that there is a mysterious spirit in the universe which elicits our recognition, adoration, and loyalty.

Longfellow, certainly not a Romanist, has described a similar experience in a beautiful sonnet which he prefixed to his translation of Dante's "Inferno:"

> Oft have I seen at some cathedral door
> A laborer, pausing in the dust and heat,
> Lay down his burden and with reverent feet
> Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor
> Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er;
> Far off the noises of the world retreat;
> The loud vociferations of the street
> Become an undistinguishable roar.
>
> So, as I enter here from day to day,
> And leave my burden at this minster gate,
> Kneeling in prayer and not ashamed to pray,
> The tumult of the time disconsolate
> To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
> While the eternal ages watch and wait.

It is this belief which has produced some beautiful characters in the Roman Catholic priesthood whom no other "interesting, well-paid employment" could have diverted from their faith and works—St. Francis, Cardinal Mercier, and Father Damien, for example.

At the risk of making this article too long, I venture to offer another illustration of the influence which the Roman Catholic Church has had in the cultivation of an appreciation of spiritual beauty. It may be found in the autobiographical reminiscences of François Millet, the French painter, whom no one, I think, would undertake to call conventional or superstitious:

> This I remember hearing about my great-uncle, who was the brother of my paternal grandfather. He had been a laborer in his youth, and had become a priest rather late in life. I think he had a small parish at the time of the Revolution. I know that he was persecuted at that time, and I have heard how a party of men came to search my grandfather's house, when he was hidden there. They prosecuted their search in the most brutal fashion; but being of an ingenious turn of mind, he managed to make a hiding-place which communicated with his bed, where he took refuge when his enemies came. One day they arrived so unexpectedly that his bed had not yet time to get cold, and when they were told that he was gone, they exclaimed, "He was here just now; the bed is still warm, but he has managed to escape!" And all the while he could hear them talking. In their fury they turned the whole house upside down, and then went away.
>
> My uncle said mass, when he could, in the house; and I have still the leaden chalice which he used. After the Revolution he lived on with his brother, and held the office of Vicar of the parish. Every morning he went to church to say mass; after breakfast he went to work in the fields, and almost always took me with him. When we reached the field, he took off his cassock, and set to work in shirt-sleeves and breeches. He had the strength of Hercules. Some great walls which he built to support a piece of sloping ground are still standing,

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and are likely to last for many years to come. These walls are very high, and are built of immense stones. They give one an impression of Cyclopean strength. I have heard both my grandmother and my father say that he would allow no one to help him to lift even the heaviest stones, and there are some which would require the united strength of five or six ordinary men with levers to move them.

He had an excellent heart. He taught the poor children of the village, whose parents could not send them to school, for the love of God. He even gave them simple Latin lessons. This excited the jealousy of his fellow-priests, who complained of him to the Bishop of Coutances. I once found, among some old papers, a rough draft of a letter which he addressed in self-defense to the bishop, saying that he lived at home with his peasant brother and that in the Commune there were some poor children who had no sort of instruction. He had therefore decided to teach them as much as he could, out of pity, and begged the bishop, for the love of God, not to prevent these poor children from learning to read. I believe the bishop at length consented to let him have his own way—a truly generous permission.

As he grew old my great-uncle became very heavy, and often walked faster than he wished. I remember how often he used to say, "Ah! the head bears away the limbs." At his death I was about seven years old. It is very curious to recall these early impressions, and to see how ineffaceable is the mark which they leave upon the mind.

No, Mr. Wells, criticise the iniquities of the Church all you will, but do not forget that all revolutions are not faultless, all persecutions are not ecclesiastical, and all priests are not self-pampered materialists.

The Finest Spring in the World

MY suit-case is on a garden chair, my typewriter on the suit-case. I am on another garden chair, and all of us are in the shade of an ash tree on a hillside overlooking the gorge of Natural Bridge.

I am not going to walk down there to see that finest, perhaps, of all our natural wonders. It is not that I mind the walk. The distance is only a quarter of a mile, and I love walking—love it, in moderation, even on a hot day such as this is. It is not that I would begrudge the fifty cents which I should have to pay at the gate—though I do think that the Federal Government ought to take the Natural Bridge out of private hands.

Here is my reason for sitting up here and looking across the gorge to the blue Blue Ridge beyond, instead of going down there to see a thing that clings in my memory as the most impressive natural object that my eyes have ever beheld.

This morning I climbed up out of the Shenandoah Valley onto the divide. Back of me were the numerous streams of the Shenandoah head-waters. Away off to my left were the little streams, threading their way among hills, that go to make the James. Off to my right were other little streams, winding among hills equally big and blue, that go to make up the Tennessee, which, far away, loses itself in the Ohio, which joins the Mississippi. Waters starting on their way to the Chesapeake and to the Atlantic; other waters starting to the much more distant Gulf of Mexico!

I wanted a drink.

A big old house stood on a gentle slope above the road. An old lady, white-haired and gentle, sat on the porch with a strapping big and finely dressed man, thirty-five years old at a guess. I took my water-jug out of its nest of newspapers, walked into the yard, and said to the lady, "I am wondering if you will give me a jugful of awfully cold mountain water?" She pointed to the fountain, but apologized. The water was piped down from the mountainside, she said, and got somewhat warm on the way. I was hiding my disappointment under the pretense that, anyhow, it would be better than the water I was accustomed to, when the big man reached for his straw hat.

"If you don't mind walking a quarter of a mile," he said, "I'll take you to the finest spring you ever saw—at least, it is the finest one I ever saw. And," he continued, after introducing himself, "I have seen several springs. We have them right here in these mountains, where I was born and brought up. I know hundreds of them. And I know hundreds of others all over the country. I am something of an electrical engineer, and have worked on power-line construction in various parts of the country for fifteen years. Oh, I've seen fine springs East, West, North, and South, but nothing to equal this one where we are going right now to fill your jug. I haven't seen it since I went away to college twenty years ago. I am having a real vacation now, and mother and I came back to the old farm, though it is in the hands of strangers, to be together—and alone—for a while. I haven't been down to the spring yet. I'm awfully glad you came along with your jug; gives me an excuse for getting away from that iron-pipe swill."

By that time we were, I could see, approaching the spring. The location did not seem to me ideal. The ground was low, almost marshy. On closer approach, the spring confirmed my fears. It did not flow with the sparkle and splash that a mountain spring ought to have. It was sluggish—a big, lazy hole full of water which had a milky look. Perhaps it carried no surface mud, but it carried mud just the same.

But a man cannot belittle another man's favorite spring, can he?

I stooped and filled my jug. When it was full, it was opaque. I lingered for a moment, stooping over. And I think, in my heart, I was sneering at this big mountain man, come home to boast of a spring so poor as this.

Then I straightened up and faced him.

His eyes were red. His mouth twitched at the corners. He was cramming his handkerchief back into his pocket.

"It"—he hesitated—"it doesn't look right. I'm sure—I don't know. I can't see that anything has been changed. And I know it was the finest spring I ever saw."

Of course, it never was really a fine spring. His finest spring was the imagination of memory.

He was a saddened man as we walked back up the hill. He said nothing until we were half-way up. Then he broke into over-done enthusiasm for a power-line project that he is going to survey in Florida this winter.

I was a saddened man, too, as I drove on to Natural Bridge. And here I sit under this ash tree looking out to the blue hills over a great chasm. What is in that chasm I do not know. What is in my mind concerning it I do know. For a long, long time it has been a delight to me when my memory has reverted to it. And I will be dad-blamed if I am going to have my hallucinations shattered by a prodding, peering, prying reporter's probe in the hands of

DIXON MERRITT.

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What Shall We Do With Our Tia Juanas?

By JAY S. STOWELL

TIA JUANA!

One hesitates even to mention the name, lest it shall further advertise an already over-advertised spot. Yet Tia Juana exists, and it is a situation to reckon with. Some months ago it flared into the headlines when an entire family committed suicide after forty-eight hours of Tia Juana festivities. But, headlines or no headlines, Tia Juana is there 366 days of leap year, and only one day less on other years, doing its deadly work.

Tia Juana (Aunt Jane), however, is not so much a place as a condition which extends for some eighteen hundred miles along our Mexican border. It has all the lure of that poetic country where "there ain't no Ten Commandments" and a man's wish is law. It represents the step over the line which means to many the temporary breaking from accepted standards and the letting down of moral conduct. To the occasional visitor it has the lure of the unusual, but to the dweller along the border the unusual soon becomes the commonplace.

It is perhaps easy to become unduly horrified, for when one checks his impressions against conditions which existed in many of our great cities in the United States a few years ago (and which still exist in some places) the question is raised whether Tia Juana is, after all, so far behind the rest of us. However, the public conscience did become aroused over the conditions in our own cities, and by strenuous efforts a great change has been wrought.

What shall be done with our Tia Juanas? Needless to say, there is but one ultimate answer. They must be done away with. The welfare of the community demands it. However, it may not be amiss to understand what it is all about.

To the average visitor Tia Juana stands for play, for excitement, for an excursion into the unusual, and possibly for a dip into vice in an environment where vice seems to be the natural thing and where social disapproval is reduced to a minimum. Back of it all, however, our Tia Juanas stand for a huge commercialized exploitation of morbidity. The amount of money which crosses the line and is expended in resorts there is past all computation, and records kept by the Bureau of Immigration show that in addition to immigrants and emigrants 12,000,000 casual visitors cross and then recross the Mexican border each year. In the resorts of one Mexican town, rarely mentioned in the headlines, from $35,000 to $40,000 in American checks are said to be passed in a single Saturday evening in addition to all the cash transactions. So profitable is this business of vice that now we hear stories of the establishment of a huge Mexican Monte Carlo some miles down the Lower California border, and we are also told that the development of a great racing-track in the United States close to the line awaits only the liberalization of California laws.

The Last Stand of the Indian

—a striking survey of the social, political, and economic problems of Mexico—will appear in next week's issue of The Outlook.

In general, the stock in trade of this great commercialized enterprise is liquor, gambling, and prostitution. At Tia Juana one hundred days of racing and hilarious betting are included, and at Juarez bull-fighting is added for good measure.

We refer to "our" Tia Juanas advisedly, for the major enterprises along the border are controlled by Americans, the chief patrons are from the United States, and the profits accrue chiefly to Americans. Not all of the money, however, goes to Americans, for large fees are demanded by the Mexican governors for permission to run the institutions in question. The amounts thus secured are enormous, although there is reason to believe that they do not all find their way into the public treasury. It is a well-established fact, for example, that a former governor of Lower California moved across the border into the United States for tactical reasons after having made himself immensely wealthy from the proceeds of vice. The license fee for the Tia Juana race-track alone is said to be $2,000 a day.

It is hard for one to appreciate the extent of what is carried on unless he has watched the countless multitudes crossing the line by automobile and railroad on a busy day, visited the enormous multiplied and crowded gambling-houses which are as easily accessible as grocery stores in one's own town, seen the large number of well-patronized saloons, and got a view of the multitudes of scarlet women, who evidently secure enough income to pay the heavy fees demanded and to provide a living for themselves, else they would not continue at their trade.

And to all of this American young men and women and older men and women come, and with it they mingle freely until one can hardly tell the good from the bad. Incidentally, it should be added that the houses of prostitution, which a few years ago were filled with American girls, are now occupied by Mexican girls. This seems to be due to an attempt to protect home industries. However, American girls are in some cases still permitted to serve as "percentage" girls, and there is reason to believe that by circumventing the regulations which permit them only to receive a percentage of the amount spent for liquor by their companions they are able to carry their activities further than the legal restrictions might allow.

Nor should it be imagined that the desire to clean up this rather disagreeable situation is all on one side. President Calles himself is in slight sympathy with what goes on. Some years ago, while he was still Governor of Sonora, I had an opportunity to traverse the entire border, and along the Sonora border, so far as could be ascertained, not a saloon was open and every attempt was made to emphasize wholesome trade relations rather than to pander to the abnormal. Under Calles's successors, however, condiions have changed for the worse. It should be noted, in contrast to this, that at other points, such as at Juarez, there has been a marked improvement in surface conditions, at least.

Nor are the Mexican consuls enthusiastic about the present situation. Yet they tell strange tales of modern American girls coming storming into their offices demanding to know why they cannot go across the border in company with their boy friends without a written permission from their parents. At San Diego it is said that thousands of young

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people of this sort have been discouraged from visiting Tia Juana by a voluntary organization which has stopped cars *en route* and urged the young people to turn back to their homes.

The problem for those who live on the border is an acute one, particularly when there are growing children. As one man in a border town far from Tia Juana said, "No self-respecting parents will undertake to raise a family in this town." Yet, unfortunately, some self-respecting parents feel obliged to remain.

In some cases, of course, vice conditions are but adjuncts of a very important and very wholesome trade relationship with Mexico. Large sums of Mexican money are spent daily in the United States for the ordinary necessities of life, in addition to about a million dollars' worth of imports which go into Mexico each day.

It is evident that there are ways in which this disagreeable situation can be controlled when governments arrive at the point where they wish to control it. The closing of the border at Tia Juana after 6 P.M. probably is a move in the right direction, although it is in some respects unfortunate that moral conditions are such as to make the closing necessary. The new closing order grew out of the Peteet tragedy, which was enacted there a few months ago and which was so widely heralded in the newspapers. Naturally, those who remain later than six o'clock can stay overnight and return the following day. The closing of the border from 6 P.M. to 8 A.M. has greatly reduced the number of evening visitors. At the same time it has seriously limited legitimate travel across the line. The situation is far from satisfactory.

Some day a way will be found and "Aunt Jane" will once more stand for all that is clean and wholesome rather than the contrary. In the meantime might it not be well to insist that some one be looking for that way?

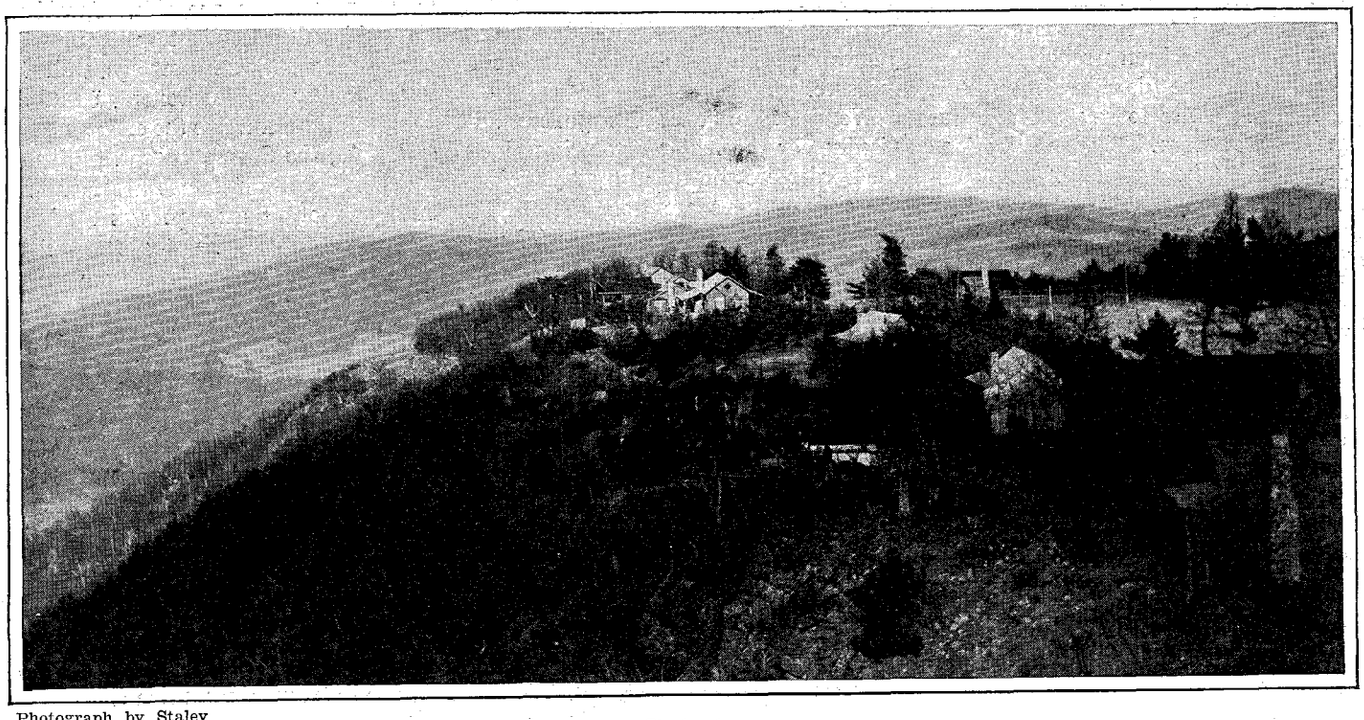
The discouraging factor is the acquiescence of so many of the more respectable members of American communities in the conditions which exist "across the line." It is easy to look upon present conditions as "inevitable" and to apply to them all of the old arguments which were applied to our restricted vice sections, and doubly so when floods of pleasure-seeking visitors have money to spend in legitimate as well as questionable channels. On the border, as elsewhere, we tend to get what we really want, and there, as in too many other places, the almighty dollar still warps men's social judgments.

Shenandoah National Park

Half a Million Blue Ridge Acres Soon to Be Made Public Property

By DON C. SEITZ

THE Shenandoah National Park promises soon to join the sisterhood of playgrounds now available to the people of the United States. National Parks, be it understood, are distinct from National Forests, but in this case the two will link up. The Nation already owns much wild land in Virginia adjacent to the Blue Ridge, which it is proposed to encompass in the Shenandoah reservation. Here a territory ten miles wide and seventy miles long, roughly speaking, and estimated to inclose 520,000 acres is being brought under option to create the Park. The Southern Appalachian National Park Committee, appointed by Secretary Work, composed of Representative Henry Wilson Temple, Pennsylvania, Chairman; William C. Gregg, New Jersey; Harlan P. Kelsey, Massachusetts; Colonel Glenn S. Smith, United States Geological Survey, Washington, D. C.; and Major William A. Welsh, General Manager, Palisades Interstate Park, New York, has indorsed the proposition emanating from Virginia, where a vigorous Shenandoah National Park Association, headed by Colonel H. J. Benchoff, of Woodstock, has successfully



Photograph by Staley

Skyland

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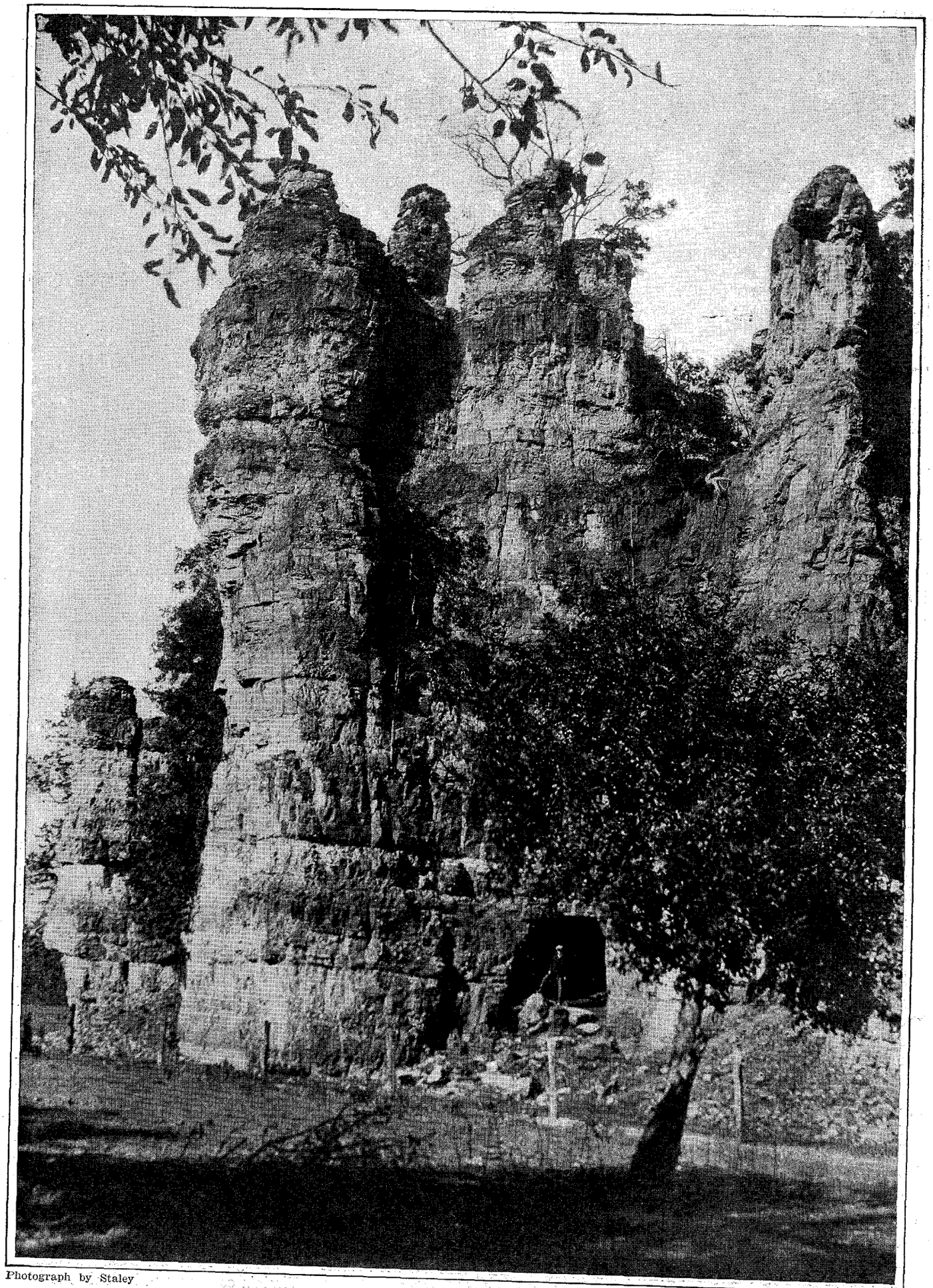

Photograph by Staley

Chimney Rocks, Goshen Pass

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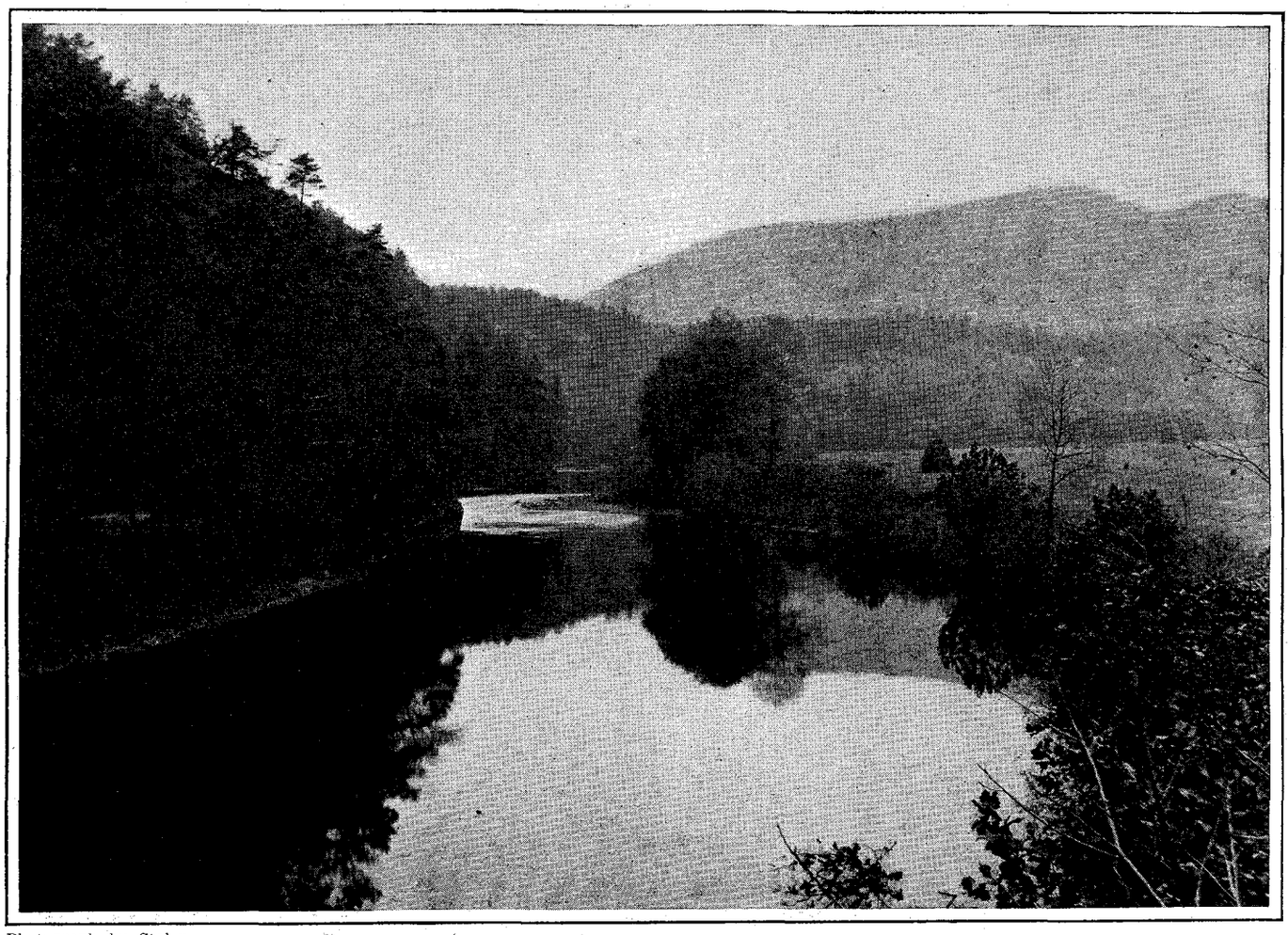

Photograph by Staley

Placid Waters of the Shenandoah

enlisted State aid and raised something like a million and a quarter dollars toward the purchase of the needed property, the total cost of which will be about $4,000,000. A Washington committee, with Colonel Robert N. Harper as Chairman, is ably assisting.

The Blue Ridge is within a daylight ride from New York, and less than four hours from Washington by the "Virginia Creeper," as the local train is sometimes described. Richmond is almost as near. The Blue Ridge begins at Front Royal and tapers south. Much of it is still covered by virgin forest, in which, however, the chestnut blight has wrought great havoc. Rock oak is the main timber, long a resource for tan-bark, which has led to much destruction, now happily checked. The highest peaks lift themselves more than four thousand feet above sea-level, while the region is one full of history and romance.

The Valley of Virginia, as it is often called, is one of the most beautiful expanses in the world. Lying between the West Virginia mountains and the Massanutten Range, it is a land of green fields and abundant orchards, with vistas everywhere that delight the eye. A battlefield in the Civil War, it looms large in American annals, while from its vicinage have come many men of parts. Indeed, the Blue Ridge Mountains look down upon the birthplaces of eight Presidents. Some of Abraham Lincoln's forebears are buried under their shadows.

In its population are found the usual sharp differences between the Valley and the plain. The people of the latter are prosperous and placid; those of the mountains poor, proud, suspicious, and difficult by nature. They are improving on the edges, and no greater uplift could be devised than the opening of this new National Park. It will start a flow of money through the mountains, provide employment, and, what is equally important, develop contacts with the outer world. Already a great current of travel has set in over the Lee Highway and the Lee-Jackson Road that runs from Winchester to New Market. It has had the usual effect. Houses are being furbished up, stores are putting on new faces, and the ubiquitous service stations of the oil companies are springing up everywhere, each bringing cash to the community. Cash is something that has been rather scarce in the valley.

Besides glorious mountains, green forests, and blue grass the region contains some of the most famous caverns in the world—Luray, Endless, Shenandoah, and the Grottoes, as Weyer's is now known. Probably many miles of caverns remain to be discovered. The region of wonders runs to the Natural Bridge, a hundred miles away. The Shenandoah's two branches, North and South, which unite and end in the Potomac at Harper's Ferry, wriggle their way to junction between the hills, with many creeks and brooks as tributaries. Old Stony Man, chief of the Blue Ridge, rises as high above Page Valley as El Capitan towers above the Yosemite. Near its crest, 3,600 feet aloft, is Skyland, a summer community, salubriously situated, and where many visitors now go to drink the "wine of the mountain air." Moonshine can be found farther back. Good roads reach the Park country even now. Besides the Lee and Lee-Jackson Roads, the Jefferson Highway touches it, via Rockfish Gap, between Staunton and Charlottesville, where Monticello and the University of Virginia are attractions.

Though oldest of our settled country, Virginia covers much land that is wild, in compact and picturesque plottage.

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The Shenandoah section is at once the fairest and the roughest. Bears still prowl in the mountains, wildcats are found, and some people believe that wolves hide in fastnesses. Good trout fishing can be had and the mountain trails are fascinating paths for the horseback rider. Indeed, despite the auto flood on the "hard" highways, the horse still rules in the Valley, climbing hills with catlike agility and being man's most intimate associate; also that of the bright-eyed young ladies who ride with grace where most men would rather crawl on hands and knees.

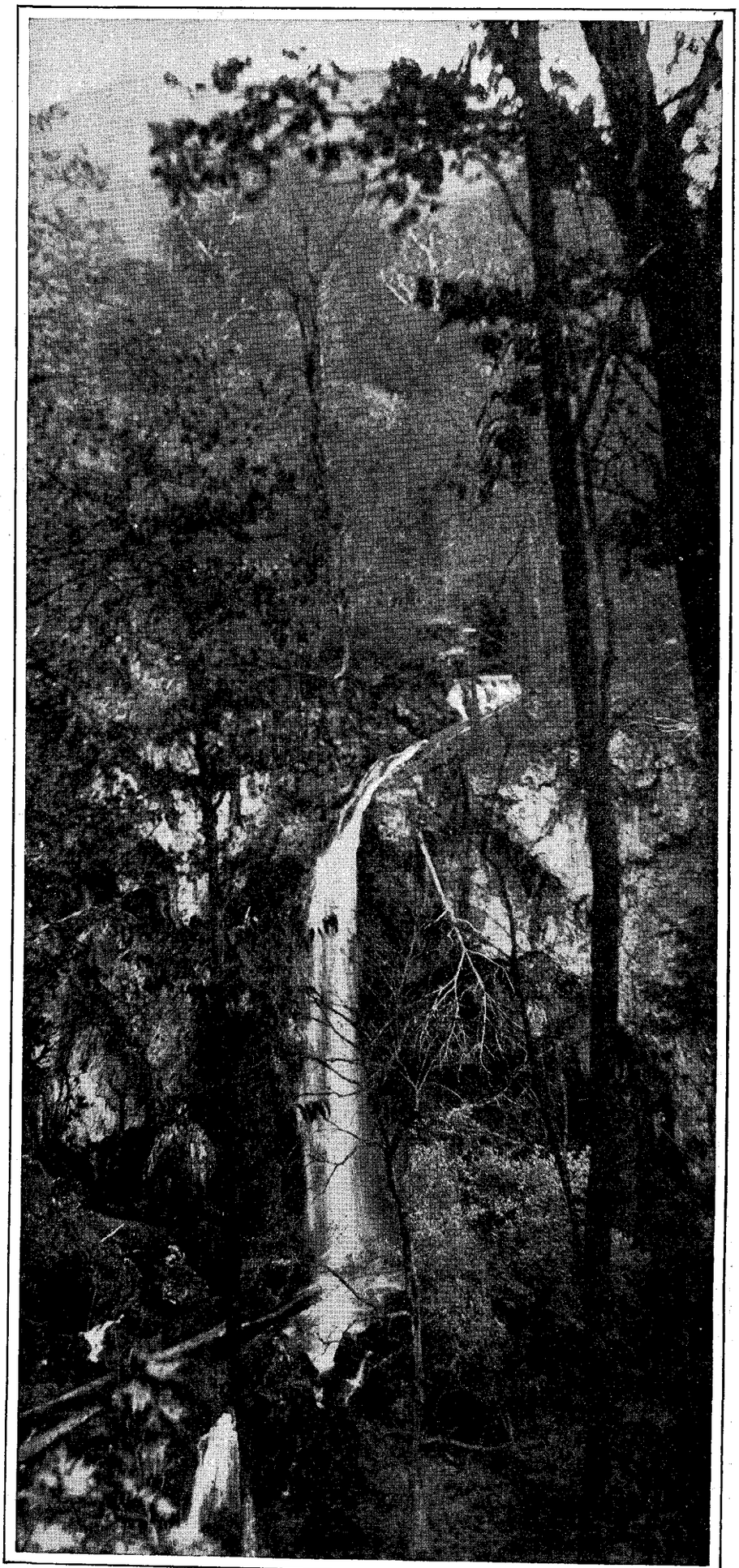
The mountain roads will be improved as the Park develops, but in such a way as to not disturb their charm, but rather opening up new attractions. The Park will be of equal value to the public in summer, spring, and fall. New Yorkers and other city dwellers will be making pilgrimages to view the rhododendrons and autumn foliage, as the Japanese congregate to admire cherry blossoms and the frost-tinted maples of Nippon.

All this will be within easy reach of 40,000,000 people who dwell east of the Alleghanies. In selecting the park the Work Committee remarks:

> Nature calls us all, and the response of the American people has been expressed in the creation, so far, of nineteen National Parks. All but one are west of the Mississippi River. The two-thirds of our population living east of the Mississippi has contented itself with a few State parks, not knowing that in the Southern Appalachian ranges there are several areas which fill the definition of a National Park, because of beauty and grandeur of scenery, presence of a wonderful variety of trees and plant life, and possibilities of harboring and developing the animal life common in the precolonial days but now nearly extinct.

As noted, Virginia has done nobly for her part, and will do more. The capital and the metropolis will be appealed to for further aid. They will no doubt respond.

The park system will not end with the Blue Ridge. The development of the Appalachian forests includes the acquisition of farther limits which will be turned into a public playground, with vast benefits to the South and the Nation. The latent hillsides will become alert with the arrival of pilgrims to view the wonders now too difficult of access. The enormous motor travel to Florida is a factor in the certainty that the park system will be completed as planned by the Work Committee.



Photograph by Staley

A Waterfall in White Oak Canyon

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Pioneers

By MILDRED WHITNEY STILLMAN

My mother had a mother
She never knew.
She buried three small children,
And then she grew
Weak from tasks she could not stand,
And died, heart-sick for Maryland.

My father had a mother
From Bangor, Maine.
Her four sons and three daughters
Rose strong and plain.
She loved to wash, but not to sew,
And she made New England sweet peas grow.

She tried her growing daughters
And did not care.
She would not buy silk dresses
Nor curl her hair.
She could not see the sense at all
In dressing up to make a call.

Her married city daughters
Grew vexed to see
Her digging pigweed from the lawn
At eighty-three.
They wished that she would pass her days
In placid, decorative ways.

They would have loved a mother
From Dixie's heart.
Ah, well—both sleep in Napa now,
Not far apart.
I dig my dandelions
And drive to tea.
A little of each mother
Lives on in me.

The Negro Home

By NANNIE H. BURROUGHS

THE Negro home is suffering from the "outs." Too many Negro mothers "work out," and too many trifling Negroes "hang out." In a physical and moral sense it can be truthfully said of two-thirds of our places of abode that "there is nobody home."

For various reasons, and often without any good reason at all, Negro mothers are away from their children all day and a part of the night. As a result, the race is teeming with Topsies. To two-thirds of the race their homes are not homes; they are places in which to eat, sleep, and store furniture. Why are we out when we should be in?

First, because of economic circumstances. Colored men are given those occupations in which the pay is the lowest. Their income is not sufficient to support their families.

Second, we are a wasteful people, and we sacrifice essentials for frills. When our women learn to waste less and put essentials first, they will not have so many bills to help meet and can stay at home and rear their children properly.

The third reason is that the masses have sight without sense. They work around white people, see how they live and act, and they try to ape them without ever stopping to think. They do not realize that the white race laid its economic foundation securely before it began to joy ride or play golf, and that every door of opportunity is open to white people.

In the language of Booker T. Washington's old colored lady, "the white race has been whar it's gwine." We are just starting.

The Negro sees the white man during his hours of relaxation and play. He likes the way he "carries on," and he decides to try the same stunts. He forgets that the majority of those whom he serves during their hours of relaxation have worked hard and long, and have established themselves and their homes, and can afford to forget their business for a few hours or a few months. The idle class of white people that give all of their time to pleasure are not worth aping.

The Negro does not stop to think. He has splendid sight, but not enough common sense.

The Negro home is being demoralized because we have staged a perpetual per-

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formance to practice and display what we pick up from the bad examples set by the most ordinary type of people for whom some of us work.

Our fourth observation is that the Negro does too much "hanging out" for the moral and physical good of his home. We have a National Association of Exterior Decorators—Negroes who hang out. They are our greatest liability. They grease up our fronts, wear out our grass, break down our fences, and run down our neighborhood; use their homes as broadcasting stations and their mouths as loud-speakers. They keep the ambitious ones of the race from getting where we are going.

Unfortunately, we cannot see through glass. We cannot see across the street unless we throw up the window and poke our heads out. Negro communities are infested with window watchmen. They are that class that throw up the windows and poke their heads out in order to see—nothing. Go to any thickly settled community if you want to "see the headline." Have you seen it in Harlem and other centers? Look up at the windows; it's there.

We are fighting segregation, but we cannot make very much progress until we put our Exterior Decorators to work hanging up instead of hanging out; cleaning up instead of greasing up; building up instead of breaking down. Some of the time that we spend in abusing white people for not allowing us to live in first-class neighborhoods should be devoted to the very practical duty of teaching interior decoration to our Exterior Decorators. They do more to keep us out of desirable neighborhoods than anybody else.

Fifth, our homes are suffering because we want to "keep up with the Joneses" in our own race. We spend entirely too much money to get things because other people have them, instead of spending the time developing ideals and standards because we need them. Then too many women do not want the responsibility of housekeeping and caring for their children. This burning desire to "work out" is their alibi for not making homes for their families.

The sixth cause of the deterioration of the Negro home is ignorance. The Negro is not getting enough intensive teaching of the fundamental things of life.

Every Negro girl should be given a thorough course in the fine art of housekeeping and home-making. We should learn and apply the ideals and standards essential to the making of clean, orderly homes.

Seventh, the majority of us are just too plain lazy to keep our homes properly. We do too much sitting down after we get up. We do too much talking "about" and walking "out" when we should be setting our houses in order.

We have not learned that high ideals and industry are essential to the making of homes. There is no substitute for them.

English Schoolboys at Work

By CHARLES K. TAYLOR

This is the second article by Mr. Taylor on famous British schools. His comparisons of British and American methods of education are distinctly stimulating to thought

IT is remarkable how greatly the foremost English preparatory schools differ from one another. There are some, like Winchester, for instance, representing the extreme of holding to tradition—almost any kind of tradition, as long as it really is one—carrying on the traditional curricula, using the traditional customs and vocabularies, and thinking, no doubt, the traditional thoughts. And at the other extreme, perhaps, among the thoroughly rational and progressive schools is one, like Oundle, that has been, and still is, fearless in adventuring into new ways. And then, of course, we have fine schools like Cheltenham, holding firmly to long-proved fundamentals and yet watching what the educational world is doing with keen eyes, ready and anxious to accept and adopt anything found to be valuable, either in method or subject.

From an English point of view, Cheltenham is quite a new school, being founded as late as the first part of the last century, though the architects concerned have been quite successful in designing and arranging buildings that would seem, at least, to represent a considerably greater age—something these islanders look upon as very important; and, indeed, there is a good deal in this idea. We will achieve it ourselves—in time.

At Cheltenham it was made possible to visit classrooms, to learn a little concerning methods and concerning a typical curriculum. The first impression received was that English boys work rather more intensely than do our boys, and put more school time to it. For instance, whereas we may have five lesson periods of about forty-five minutes per day for a boy of high school age, with an extra study period thrown in, these Cheltenham lads alternate seven and five period days through the week—*all lesson periods*, and of fifty-five minutes each.

There is another significant difference in method—common to all the schools visited. Whereas all of our lesson periods are likely to consist in recitations on prepared work only, several periods in an English school may represent a combination of preparation and recitation. For example, in an algebra class, although the class had looked over the principles involved previously, fully half of the period was spent co-operatively by master and boys, the former at the board, thoroughly analyzing the general principle involved, and then taking up the usual problems and similarly analyzing them, until the principle involved was so obvious and clear to every one that when the class was put to work on the remaining problems of the lesson for the last half of the period those problems were solved with a celerity and accuracy never before witnessed by the present writer in many years of school experience.

There was a second achievement through use of this co-operative work: the boys learned *how to study*, the best methods of study—something so utterly left to the inexperience of the boys in so many of our schools that the time lost through inefficient work totals a prodigious amount of a boy's study time.

Visits to classes in Latin and in English found the same methods of approach in use. It is no marvel that the average preparatory-school graduate in England is far better prepared in substance and method than our boys.

In Cheltenham, too, I obtained a first real insight into the English "prefect" system, by means of which responsible seniors are held accountable for the behavior and to no small extent the character of their juniors. So seriously is all

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this considered that in few schools can a man be chosen "captain of cricket," for instance, unless he also possesses the character and personality necessary for a prefect—a guide and adviser for worshiping young juniors. Just how this works was made especially clear at Rugby, and will be considered in detail when that fine old school is studied.

Far-Flung Verse

A London Literary Letter by C. LEWIS HIND

THE book trade strike (it is the packers who are discontented) holds up many volumes, but the casual reader sees no diminution in the cataract of new books and reprints. Novels, of course, are still the most popular form of "literature;" but memoirs now run fiction close. Most eminent men seem to produce autobiographies.

A feature of the past year has been the issue of collected editions of the works of authors alive and dead. Among the living are Wells and Arthur Symons; among the deceased are Swinburne, Samuel Butler, and Anthony Trollope, in whose placid, interesting volumes there is a growing interest.

Anthologies of poetry drop from the press at the rate of two or three a week. They sell. Most people seem to glean their poetry from anthologies. An anthology at half a crown finds a host of readers.

There seems to be no young poet preparing to awake and find himself famous. Strange to say, the two most significant books of poetry published in the closing month of last year were by two octogenarians—Thomas Hardy, aged eighty-five, and Robert Bridges, the Poet Laureate, who is eighty-one. How different are these two men whose days are spent with poetry, making it and reading it! Hardy is, as ever, sad. Bridges is, as ever, joyous. Let me stress the contrast by quoting a characteristic poem by each. The sad poem by Mr. Hardy is called "The Weary Walker." He sent it to "The Bermondsey Book" as a mark of his appreciation of that excellent magazine, which is issued from "The Bermondsey Book Shop."

A plain in front of me,
And there's the road
Upon it. Wide country,
And, too, the road!

Past the first ridge another,
And still the road
Creeps on. Perhaps no other
Ridge for the road?

Ah! Past that ridge a third.
Which still the road
Has to climb furtherward—
The thin white road!

Sky seems to end its track:
But no. The road
Trails down the hill at the back.
Ever the road!

The joyous poem by Dr. Bridges appears in his new volume:

Mid the squandered color
idling as I lay
Reading the Odyssey
in my rock-garden
I espied the clustered
tufts of Cheddar pinks
Burgeoning with promise
of their scented bloom
All the modish motley
of their bloom to-be
Thrust up in narrow buds
on the slender stalks
Thronging, springing, urgent,
hasting (so I thought)
As if they feared to be
too late for summer—
Like schoolgirls overslept
wakened by the bell
Leaping from bed to don
their muslin dresses
On a May morning. . . .

Let the reader muse on these two poems, so different, each written by an octogenarian.

A LOVE of poetry knits people together. My article called "Second-Best Poems: A Proposed Anthology," published in this journal on October 7 last, has brought me letters from places so far away from London that I want to send the senders a wave of greeting. A correspondent writes from Richmond, Virginia, asking for the title of a poem by Whittier, mentioned in my article, of which the first line is "When on my day of life the night is falling." It is a poem I have loved all my life. But the title? I searched through anthologies and found it not. So I bought "The Poetical Works of John Greenleaf Whittier," published by the Oxford University Press. What a pleasure, what a stirring of memories, it was to go through the 569 pages of poems by this Quaker poet! I shouted with joy when on page 503 I found this—

AT LAST

[Recited by one of the little group of relations, who stood by the poet's bedside, as the last moment of his life approached.]

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.

Six other beautiful and touching stanzas follow, and on page 481 I found another favorite, "The Eternal Goodness," with twenty-two stanzas, and three of them, I suppose, are known (in quiet circles) wherever the English tongue is spoken:

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And he can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.

Such poems of simple, unalterable faith, the only right faith, are continually circling round the world. I tried to explain this in the introduction to my anthology called "100 Second-Best Poems" (yes, it got published). Laments, too, the yearning for home. I quoted one from memory—this:

Oh, carry me back to old Virginia,
There let me live and die,
Among the fields of yellow, yellow corn—
And the place where Mary lies.

Another correspondent suggests this variant, probably earlier:

Then carry me back to Tennessee,
There let me live and die,
Among the fields of yellow corn
In the land that she loved, let me lie.

Another snatch, in lighter vein, that I included in the Anthology is one that "Uncle Joe Cannon is fond of quoting:"

I'm thankful that the sun and moon
Are both hung up so high

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That no pretentious hand can stretch
And pull them from the sky.
If they were not, I have no doubt,
But some reforming ass
Would recommend to take them down
And light the world with gas.

Who dares to say that there are no rewards for the lover of poetry? A gentleman who read this, quoted from "100 Second-Best Poems," sent me a copy of the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat," which contained a whole page all about "Uncle Joe Cannon, Now Nearing 90."

FINALLY, there is a poem that I want. In an impassioned speech on British literature that Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson delivered at the Authors' Club in London he referred, in moving terms, to a beautiful poem—"The text I have forgotten, the author I have forgotten, but the idea and purpose of the poem I shall never forget." He told us that he read it in the closing months of 1914. It was by an "obscure school-ma'am" of Columbia University, New York, and the purport of her poem was that, even if Great Britain came under the yoke of an aggressive enemy, she could not be crushed, because of the great procession of writers from Chaucer even to our own times.

I want that poem. I will send an autographed copy of "100 Second-Best Poems" to the first correspondent who sends it to me, care of the Editor of The Outlook.

Why These Faces?

By BILL ADAMS

I WISH I knew more about a lot of things. Many very mysterious things continually perplex me. What makes sudden thoughts come out of nowhere at all; sudden pictures rise? I do not think that there is any one to tell me. Are there ghosts? Ghosts everywhere? Can it be that Tithrington and Clare Anthony are in California?

I've seen both Tithrington and Clare this morning, plain as pikestaffs. Clare, I know, is dead; shattered and buried in Flanders. I think that Tithrington must be dead, too. He was a sailor. I'll tell you about him.

Tithrington was the rummiest dick I ever did see. I don't remember his features so well. It was his rig that was peculiar.

Tithrington joined the ship in Steveston, where she had taken on a cargo of Fraser salmon for Liverpool. When he came over the gangway with the rest of the new crew, he appeared to be but an "able-bodied seaman," such as any other of them.

We sailed—I remember that the towline parted when we were just outside Flattery, and before we had any canvas set—on a fine, bright, sunny day. The sea was so beautiful that morning that words cannot tell of it. Night came starry, and I spent the first watch, eight till midnight, on the poop talking with the chief mate—who was later to die at Martinique—and watching the stars and the sails that swayed against them. Next day was Sunday. The mate's watch washed the decks down and swabbed the paintwork between five and eight of the morning. That done, there was no more work for the day, unless it became necessary to trim the sails. The sea was as lovely as it had been upon the previous day. I know of nothing as peaceful as a first Sunday at sea in fine weather. The memory of beer halls, dives, sailors' boarding masters, rackety pianos, glitter-eyed women, and the Seamen's Bethel is all become a dream, and one is conscious, though one cannot so express it at the time, that beauty is potent over evil.

After breakfast we apprentices sat on the main hatch, betting upon how fast a run she would make to Liverpool. We gasped when Tithrington appeared from the forecastle.

Tithrington was dressed in a black frock coat with long tails, black trousers, patent-leather shoes, tan gloves, and a silk top hat! A white shirt and collar, of course.

If you know anything of psychology, you know that there are some people who can do things that no one else can do and get away with it. Of such was Tithrington. A man to himself. None of us, none of the thirteen other able-bodied seamen, laughed or asked a question.

Tithrington's one desire in life was to be taken for a gentleman.

Later in the voyage, when we had come to know him, we found that his folks were plumbers in Liverpool. He told us of them, proudly. He was of no common stock, and, while himself a sailor and an excellent one, did not wish to be looked upon as such. Plumber-bred, he was genteel. On the bulkhead over his bunk were a half-score photographs—all of himself, in various poses, in dress suit and top hat. No other pictures.

Every fine, bright Sunday from Puget Sound to Liverpool Tithrington appeared and walked the deck in his dress suit, top hat, and patent-leather shoes. When she came to moorings in Salthouse East dock, his family met him—plumber father, two plumber brothers, mother, and sister. They surrounded him and bore him away, in his dress suit, top hat, tan gloves, and patent-leather shoes. Of us they took no notice whatever. He left us, his shipmates of five months, without a turn of the head, without wave of hand, or any greeting. We were but sailors.

At my elbow is a bowl with roses of a dozen varieties. On my desk are larkspur and sweet-william. Birds twitter by my window. The air is sweet and still. Why, of a sudden, after having been forgotten through all the years, has Tithrington appeared to me?

It was while I sat here ruminating on Tithrington that Clare came. I looked into his eyes—a child of thirteen.

Ages and ages ago Clare and I were playing with our tin soldiers on a bright Sunday morning. We planned battles and arranged conquests. Knowing naught of bloody horror or of shattered limbs, we gloried in military panoply.

An English child, Clare deployed his English soldiery, insisting that I turn Frenchman for that morning and give him combat with such legions of tin Frenchmen as we could muster from our toys. Among my tin men was a regiment of Belgian infantry—green helmets, green trousers, bayonets. We were very young.

"What," asked Clare, "are Belgians? Would they be on the side of France or of England?"

"I don't know," said I. Ages and ages afterward I hear his question, and my reply. I have just seen his face again.

When war came, Clare was at Camperdown, South Africa, with wife and babies. To-day, having responded to the appeal of one Kitchener, he lies in Belgian soil.

What for and why is this our life? *Only the spirits know!*

Is that why, this morning in California, both have visited me?

Some day all day will be spring Sunday morning. *Is that it?*

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Twenty Years After

By THEODORE STEARNS

I

ONE may taxi all over Germany nowadays—over the roads I used to walk with knapsack and staff years ago—and fly from practically any large city to another, or mail a letter by air post, following a well-standardized daily schedule; but other evidences of post-war efficiency are slowly and surely killing the romance that once made Germany foremost in art and story. There is a large percentage of die-hards, too, among the older residents of the former Empire, who are still heedlessly hindering the new generation of progressives in all walks and stations of life from establishing what will be undoubtedly one of the finest republics in history.

Returning to my old university town of Würzburg after a quarter of a century, I was much intrigued to see the drastic changes that have taken place there, and to observe at first hand the fight the young modernists are making against the soporific old régime influences that are—so to speak—still biting on the sore tooth. Some of the old residents I used to know over twenty years ago were still bravely living over recollections of the past, and, with scarcely one exception, I found them still bemoaning the fact that all their savings had been swept away during the inflation period. All this was very natural. They could not realize that war has always bred such financial calamities, and that even America had had her Civil War suffering, with the vastly more terrible fighting of fathers against sons and brothers against brothers, to say nothing of her Valley Forge. So it is that when a man cuts his finger for the first time it seems to him that that is the first time a finger was ever cut.

These excellent old friends of mine, representing the best class of *bourgeoisie,* deserve our sympathy, for they worked hard and industriously at their gifted vocations in pedagogy, science, music, and literature only to find—through no particular fault of theirs—that they must now finish their days with ragged rugs and economy of comfort that ill befit their distinguished old age.

"It was the French who were to blame," they told me. "We did not start the war," and as I listened further with indulgent sympathy, one estimable old lady told me that on the streets of Wiesbaden to-day French soldiers arrogantly and deliberately push women off the sidewalks! Recollecting as I do how German officers used to elbow women on the streets of Würzburg thirty years ago when I was still a student there, I found it difficult to restrain a smile.

One of the most drastic changes I observed throughout Germany, from Würzburg to Hamburg, is that no soldiers are on the streets now. The former ever-occurring tramp of platoons on every principal street is nowhere to be heard and empty sentry-boxes all over the former Kaiser's realm are mute witnesses of a new order of things that have come to stay.

A fiery and progressive young director is at the head of the old musical conservatory where I studied, and he is introducing modern harmony in the former atmosphere of polite Mendelssohn and stern Bachian tradition. I attended an opera performance in the old theater where Richard Wagner held his first job—that of chorus director—and where we used to sit in the gallery with tiny candles lighting our scores as we followed the music along, and the *mise en scène* of that performance of "Othello" was modern, to say the least. The new system of a series of steps was its basis. Plastic drapes took the place of the former cut-and-dried shabby interior sets. The *tempos* were startlingly virile and the Iago was a cross between a Mephisto and a Hamlet, with all the energy that both might have possessed. The conductor was a young man—so is the intendant of the theater. The singing was negligible, but it was punctuated by a spirit of fire and youthful urge. The old opera fans of Würzburg frown upon these innovations. "It was never so," they told me, "in the old days of dignity and repose."

My old student haunts were still extant, but many of them were either closed up, turned into stores or bicycle shops or modern kitchen-range agencies, or were doing poor business. On the outskirts of the city, in the garden where I wrote my last counterpoint exercise, I found the garden plowed up and a hideous line of cheap, post-war laborers' two-family cottages ranged over the hill where we used to take our holiday walks and muse and dream. On another hill above the ancient city where picturesque rows of poplars shaded the paths, those trees have been cut down and a huge airdrome is there, with booming planes regularly departing on their busy-bee-like missions of commerce.

Mechanically, the famous old university city of Würzburg has, no doubt, progressed. It is an important railroad center, for one thing, and some of its new freight tracks reach as far as Veitshocheim, whose former Trianon-like gardens and swan ponds and privet mazes, built by one of the Bishop-Princes, are now sadly in need of repair and cindered over with locomotive smoke.

II

STILL undaunted by the weeds I was finding in the gardened romance of the country where I received my musical education years ago, I gladly accepted an invitation to attend the annual *Saengerfest* at Aschaffenburg, an interesting old city on the Main River between Würzburg and Frankfort. I was particularly anxious to stroll around Aschaffenburg once more, because it used to be a favorite haunt of my old teacher's father-in-law, Ignatz Stahl, a banner business man of Würzburg, an antiquarian and lover of nature of high repute, and a mighty hunter in his day.

Mr. Stahl had taken me under his personal charge when I appeared in Würzburg, a wild-eyed colt, and had done his best to chasten me, even calling my attention to the fact that in blacking one's shoes one must be sure that the heels also are carefully shined.

"You might be a grand-opera composer some day," he said; "and probably my son-in-law will teach you that if you write a score at all you might just as well make a neat job of it all around. I know very little about music except that a note belongs either on a line or in a space, and not half-way between the two."

It was Mr. Stahl who also showed me how to relieve the sting of a bee bite with a lump of soft clay, that incident having occurred, during one of our tramp trips, in the taproom of a strange little half-way house hidden far up in the Spessart Forest and called "Where the Foxes Say Good-Night."

It grieves me to state that the male chorus singing at that three days' *Saengerfest* in Aschaffenburg was not what it

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used to be in similar festivals twenty years ago. The spirit was there and the desire to sing, but evidently the younger generation of German folk singers are restlessly thinking of other matters besides the good old *Deutsche Lied*. The volume was not there, for one thing, although they sang heartily enough when they got down to it, nor was the pitch as perfect as it used to be.

I am quite convinced that, excepting the big specialized professionals, of course, it is a case of divided aims when a group of German singers get together to-day. The great hand of Destiny seems to have stuck its finger into the soul of that splendidly musical race. They still love to sing, yes; but I sensed a lack of that complete absorption in their song that was so eminently characteristic of the song festivals I used to attend long before the war. In those days music was literally the only thing for the time being, and while they sang no amateur singer appeared to think of yesterday, to-day, or to-morrow.

To-day vacations are not granted to singers as easily as they were formerly. In several instances I was told that such a top tenor, or So-and-So—the prize baritone—was unable to attend the *Saengerfest* because he had not been able to get a leave of absence from his official duties. Perhaps this is one reason why in Aschaffenburg there was a certain distraction in the voices, as though, together with their fun, a new responsibility of more mundane cares was hovering over each note of the singers' songs. They seemed self-conscious; with the result that, while they may have enjoyed themselves, their music was neither commercial nor artistic.

Then there were those two empty sentry-boxes in Aschaffenburg, on either side of the old drawbridge leading to the gigantic castle in the center of the town. These silent testaments of the old régime still occupy their original places, and I am wondering why they are not carted away. They are ugly-looking affairs, with their crass blue-and-white diagonal stripes, like a barber's sign, and are surely not kept there for decorative purposes. Perhaps they are left there as a romantic reminder to the German Republic that militarism once reigned. Possibly they have been overlooked. More likely, there is no set procedure in the new order of things whereby a mayor or a town council can order their removal. And whom do they belong to now, anyway? The princes or the state? And who was the last sentry that left the last box, and where was that sentry-box stationed?

With a soldier and his musket standing at attention in front of the narrow opening, those sentry-boxes used to look picturesque. Now they seem like a child's forlorn painted wooden toy that has lost its Noah's Ark.

III

"BUBE-KOPFS" (bobbed heads) are met with wherever you go in Germany to-day. They are not confined to the younger women alone, either, and perhaps more than any other single symbol this particular evidence of the emancipation of young and old has swept away the former gentle Gretel with the long locks and the meek, frowzy *Hausfrau* with an almost pathetic intensity.

Their hair is usually bobbed without much regard to the shape of their heads; and it struck me that the German women are not a race whose heads look well bobbed, anyway. The point is, that, like everything else they do, they have done it thoroughly. Together with the *Bubekopf*, your modern German girl and grown woman have adopted the short skirt—and it is exceedingly short, all things considered. With the usual sturdy build of the average German woman, this combination is not always a happy one. Particularly when you add to this an unconquerable aversion to face powder, which—at least outside of Berlin—is evidently the Rubicon they hesitate to cross, although they have gathered their skirts up to escape the other waters of Modernity, apparently. Their honest sincerity excuses and offsets these evidences of bad taste, however.

They are simply striving to adjust themselves to the new order of things, and, it might just as well be noted, are doing so far better and more quickly than their fathers, brothers, and husbands. As a matter of fact, it was a constant surprise to me to observe throughout Germany how vastly more interesting and progressive the new German woman is than the average German man. New domestic problems—the necessity of rearranging their housekeeping and culinary régimes without the old-time servants—have brought a new striving for efficiency that is broadening immensely the minds of German women. They read more than they used to, for one thing. They are now continually investigating new ways and means and are keeping themselves posted in all up-to-date matters, from modern literature and world politics to modern kitchen appliances.

In six different, representative large German cities it was my privilege to be invited into many fine German homes, and the wide-awake conversations I heard there were revelations. Gone is the old-fashioned *Kaffe-klatch* of two decades ago, where pretty prattle was the order of the day. Clear-eyed young girls with silken crossed knees and chin-lifted elderly dames led the talk into realms I had never heard of before in German homes and social circles.

If there is one thing that all women—high and low—hate, apparently, it is washing dishes, and consequently, interlarded with discussions about modern art, literature, the stage, and what Doug Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin had decided upon for their next picture, talk usually reverted to patent dish-washing machines and electric toasters.

"Is it true that all modern American housekeeping apartments are furnished with patent dish-washers?" they demanded.

"I don't know."

"They are probably not practical for small families—yes?"

"I suppose so," I answered.

"But everywhere there are vacuum-cleaners?"

"Probably."

"Can they be used with an alternating current?" flashed a young *bube-kopfed* matron.

"I can't say," I replied, humbly. She withered me with a glance of scorn.

"You live in New York, and don't know?"

"But," I protested, gulping down a cup of coffee, "there are lots of things New Yorkers don't know."

A fine type of the new progressives in Germany was a young baroness I met in Berlin who has an ancestral castle in southern Germany. But she is not content with that. She is impatient to prove her worth, not as a social butterfly who is merely restless, but as an intelligent individual who demands a new and distinct self-expression that is independent of the bygone background of a race of kings. She has found that self-expression by going into the movies and making good there. Her young husband, the baron, is a most successful civil engineer.

Similarly, a young countess who is related by marriage to the former reigning family of Austria, when her family fortunes went to pieces entered a big dressmaking establishment in Berlin and worked as a saleslady. To-day, just six months after that, she owns and runs the most exclusive dressmaking establishment outside of the big *couturiers* of Paris.

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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

Biography

MAKERS OF FREEDOM. By Kirby Page and Sherwood Eddy. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.50.

Biographical studies of William Lloyd Garrison, Booker T. Washington, St. Francis of Assisi, Luther, Wesley, Keir Hardy, Susan B. Anthony, and Woodrow Wilson, with emphasis on their parts in the struggle for emancipation of the human spirit. In the last chapter the authors analyze present conditions, define the problems, and advocate practical Christianity as the panacea for the ills of society.

THE FACE OF SILENCE. By Dhan Gopal Mukerji. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

Rama Krishna, the holy man of India, was born in 1836, in Bengal. He lived a respectable number of years, and died, leaving a Sanctified Widow, who survived him until 1920. He was, according to his disciples, one of the incarnations of God, together with Buddha, Confucius, Jesus, and Mohammed. By the merest chance, the book appears within a week of the arrival of Mrs. Annie Besant's young man, who has been added to the group.

Rama Krishna did not preach a new religion—Dhan Gopal Mukerji is emphatic on the point; he preached that all religion must come from within, and issued the statement that, once the religious mind is obtained, all sects are of equal value in attaining perfection. He studied the New Testament (in translation) for many months, and proclaimed: "I found God at the end of the road of Christianity. So if any one follows Christ he will reach God. I have verified it." Mohammedanism he found was all right also, while Buddhism, Confucianism, Shintoism, and the worship of Vishnu were splendid. Renunciation and Meditation: these are what is necessary to attain "One-ness."

This is the Saviour that Dhan Gopal Mukerji (as his name suggests, a native of Calcutta) would bring before the world. Now there is the story of a rich and cultivated East Indian who sat through the Whitsunday service at Canterbury Cathedral. "One thing about the Christian religion," he said; "it is fearfully well put!" This is hardly the praise one would accord to the Bengalee's style. For instance, we learn that on three occasions Rama Krishna became illuminated. Mukerji describes the state thus: "This is the farthest reach of what we call illumination. In that state you as a part of God are so highly conscious that all things live with you in God. You are aware of yourself as well as the selves of others with equal fullness. . . . Your heart stops beating, and your mind seems extinguished, yet you are more alive than ever before. . . . 'Aham asmi prathamaja ritsaya'—I am more ancient than the effulgent Gods, for I am the first born of the Essences. I am the artery of Immortality, Amritsya Nabhai!" Illumination is scarcely the word that Occidentals would use of this experience or the description of it. There were the monks who beat their "several cymbals" and loudly chanted a benediction, and the "sign that said that this was a school building, but not to be deterred by any such bagatelle I opened the gate." These remarks make it difficult for the Western reader to approach the Rama Krishna in the proper frame of mind.

Rama Krishna was a great man, and he and his disciples have been of incalculable benefit to India in helping to break a portion of the people away from the stupidest kind of idolatry and the domination of unscrupulous yogis and priests, many of Mr. Mukerji's own exalted caste. His remedy is Renunciation, not only of earthly hopes and aspirations, but of hopes for a life to come; purify yourself by meditation, and you become one with God. Those who have tried meditating for a week, day and night, without moving, the thought "God is infinite Beauty" will note the difficulty of the practice in life as we must live it in this materialistic country. Rama Krishna's precepts are all to be found in the New Testament; our Mohammedan subscribers know where to find them in the Koran. He was too great a man to be used as a substitute for Mah Jong by ladies who pay his disciples' car-fare to Boston and California.

From "Harvard Celebrities" Courtesy University Press

The Dean

Drawn by E. R. Little

DEAN BRIGGS. By Rollo Walter Brown. Harper & Brothers, New York. $3.50.

To many American college men and women, and to all Harvard and Radcliffe graduates, there are few more interesting characters than Dean Briggs. He was a disciplinary officer who was most famous for his kindliness; he was associated with a college which in many parts of the country is thought to be the especial resort of the rich young sport. Yet so far from the spirit of wealth and fashion was this Dean of Harvard College that it was no surprising thing when a man asked him to hold his horse for him while he did some shopping. The Dean's appearance on the street (a little exaggerated in the accompanying caricature) was extremely unostentatious. If the incident really happened, the Dean undoubtedly obliged the stranger and held the horse. It may be questioned whether Mr. Brown might not have told his story in somewhat less space. But his book will be read with pleasure by all Harvard men, by university teachers and officers, by parents, and by all who enjoy a record of the career of a lovable man.

Fiction

SHOW BOAT. By Edna Ferber. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.

"It was Winthrop Ames who first said Show Boat to me," Miss Ferber tells us by way of dedication. Never was a suggestion more eagerly seized or more thoroughly followed up. The result is colorfully rendered in the first half of this novel. That is a panorama of "troupers" (actors and actresses, mostly mediocre in talent, who prefer the safety of a home on the river to the hardships of one-night-town theatrical companies) and of incidents, sometimes amusing, sometimes tragic, sometimes theatrical in both senses. No one seems to know how the author got her detailed knowledge of show-boat life past and present—for we are told that little towns on the Mississippi and smaller rivers still look forward to the appearances of the show-boat with its time-worn plays like "East Lynne" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—but get it in amazing and convincing detail she certainly did.

Captain Andy Hawks's Cotton Blossom and its successor really should take first place in the list of characters. And as background we have, as the author phrases it, "the sights and sounds of river life, sordid, romantic, homely, Rabelaisian, humorous." The mystery and thrill of the river life always haunt Magnolia, born on board the Cotton Blossom, and to it she comes back disillusioned from a hectic existence with a gambler husband in Chicago and after the success of her own daughter, also born on the Show Boat, as a modern-type actress. There is strong character work in the sketches of Magnolia's sprightly little father, the Show Boat's owner, and of her egregiously prim and puritanical mother, once a Yankee schoolteacher, now moral mentor over a shifting group of third-rate actors and actresses.

The panoramic treatment does not admit of close attention to construction or unity of plan, although it fits the subject. "Show Boat" is far from having that singleness of fictional purpose found in "So Big," and for that and other reasons that story still remains Miss Ferber's finest achievement. But "Show Boat" seizes and holds interest throughout that part which is foreshadowed by the title, and it is already finding eager and entertained readers everywhere.

Opinions may differ as to the latter part of this novel. It rushes us first through realistic pictures of life in the wide-open Chicago of Hinky-Dink's time, with free use of actual names and resorts (one such reference has brought threats of a libel suit), relates Magnolia's poignant experiences and the ups and downs of a gambler's wife, and then jumps suddenly to present-day literary and dramatic circles in New York, with Magnolia's daughter Kim (so named because she was born at

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the river junction of Kentucky, Illinois, and Missouri) as the center of attraction to a group of intellectuals, some of whom are introduced by their actual names, in the present literary fashion. In this case these columnists and critics merely "put in an appearance," as lawyers say. There is plenty of material in this part of the book, but it is not as well presented as it might be; the impression received is that it is too hurried, that the author has tried to put too many things in one story. Yet it may well be that this part will better please some readers who are not among those who respond to the lure of the river, the queer life of the "troupers," and the peculiar and unusual charm and tang of adventure.

SOUNDING BRASS. By Ethel Mannin. Duffield & Co., New York. $2.

A hard, keen novel on the advertising game in London, which could be improved by cutting out the first perfunctory hundred pages. Only too apt is the title of the first section, "Trying to Get Somewhere." But when the second part opens, with something of the brusquerie of our own Edna Ferber, matters order themselves quite differently. "The lift gate clangs open; emerges a short figure definitely inclining to portliness; silk-hatted; tail-coated; striped-trousered; be-spatted; the lift gate clangs to again and the lift silently disappears; a few steps across a stone corridor and Mr. James Rickard, at your service—upon mutually agreeable terms—pushes apart glass swing-doors bearing the legend Premier Publicity, Ltd., and to an orchestra of typewriters strides into his kingdom." Miss Mannin has a sure control over this realm. She has written "publicity" herself and knows whereof she speaks; and she can and does speak wittily and satirically. There is less spontaneity and more of smart competence in her observations on night clubs and other manifestations of the jazz age, as well in her portrait of the young woman whose "Uncle Oojah" (is this any improvement on the American "heavy-sugar daddy"?) Rickard became, thereby changing his career from publicity to the no less profitable career of notoriety.

THE TORRENTS OF SPRING: A Romantic Novel in Honor of the Passing of a Great Race. By Ernest Hemingway. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.

This amusing skit presupposes an intimate knowledge of the work of Sherwood Anderson, Lothrop Stoddard, and the American literary colony in Paris. Probably there is also much guile in the dedication to "H. L. Mencken and S. Stanwood Mencken [sic], in admiration," although if any satire is intended in the reference to the president of the National Security League it is not increased by misspelling his name. Primarily Mr. Hemingway is a faithful if irreverent disciple of Sherwood Anderson. Yogi Johnson, with his inchoate yearnings and his bride from the beanery, is like the hero of "Many Marriages" seen through a glass, spoofingly, and the book even has the approved *al fresco* conclusion which marks the true Anderson hero's emancipation from clothes and other man-made conventions. The publishers have given the book a dress fit for a masterpiece. If the book proves to be the "Don Quixote" of the Chicago School it will be labor well spent on their part.

Art

AN ARTIST'S LIFE IN LONDON AND PARIS, 1870–1925. By A. Ludovici. Minton, Balch & Co., New York. $3.75.

Mr. Ludovici—in all the two-hundred-odd pages we never know what the A. stands for—belongs to that small, select group, headed by the Pennells, who did not fight with Whistler. He might possibly

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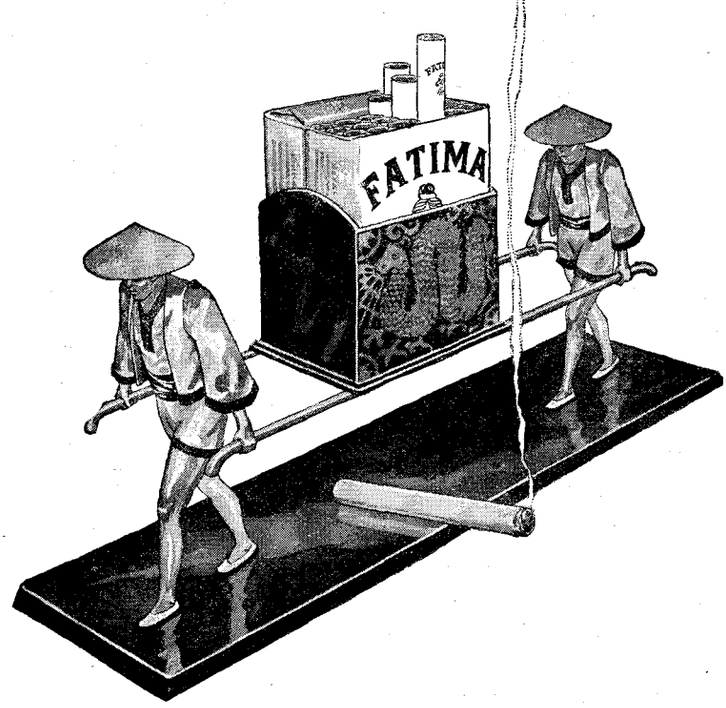

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have not fought with Whistler, but if he thought that he could also remain on friendly terms with Pennell, he, like the Pharaohs of Exodus, knew not Joseph.

When an artist has been known in his profession for fifty years, it is to be expected that he will have interesting things to say. A. Ludovici has, but he is not up on the technique of saying them. The book is spiced with imposing names: Whistler, Rodin, Monet, Forain, "a Mr. Hopkinson Smith," Edward VII, Mary Cassatt, Cézanne, etc.; there are succulent descriptions of student life in Paris before the war spoiled it all—the Franco-Prussian War this time—and there is many a tearful lament for the good old days; but there have been others to play the tune with greater resonance.

Parenthetically, it must be said that A. Ludovici's artistic conscience has not stayed in the '90s by any means. It is rare to find one of his generation and training so quick to see the meaning, not only of Whistler, Corot, Turner, and Millet, but also of Toulouse-Lautrec, Gaugin, Cézanne, and Van Gogh. Whistler is his patron saint, and he is probably quite right in feeling that way about it, though his habit of referring to Irascible James as The Master is disconcerting. This, then, is a B minus Biography. Make no mistake, there are worse on sale—and better.

Education

THE MENACE OF NATIONALISM IN EDUCATION. By Jonathan French Scott. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.60.

From a study of the school text-books of Germany, France, England, and the United States, as well as the material in M. Prudhommeaux's "Enquête," recently published by the Dotation Carnegie, Dr. Scott finds that the youth of these countries are still being subjected to a kind of nationalist propaganda inimical to world peace. Comparing French with German nationalism, as thus revealed, he finds the former more vehement and vituperative, the latter more deeply rooted, less considerate of the claims of other nations, and more given to the glorification of the national past. He believes, however, that the reaction against chauvinism is stronger in France than in Germany, and he praises the French Government for its efforts to foster belief in the League of Nations. British text-books, he asserts, show a wide range of attitude. The jingoistic school-book, however, is the exception. As a rule, Germany and the Germans fare better than in the French books, and, though there is often censure for French rulers and policies, the French people are warmly praised. Comparing the British and the American books, especially on questions affecting the two peoples, he finds the former, in the main, the more tolerant and impartial, though sometimes sadly blundersome as to facts.

Strategy

THE PERILS OF AMATEUR STRATEGY. By Lieutenant-General Sir Gerald Ellison. With a Prefatory Note by Viscount Esher. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $2.

General Ellison tells the story of the Dardanelles expedition of 1915 as an illustration of the folly of civilian direction of warfare. No "war council" or "sanhedrim," he maintains, can possibly meet the situation. The attempt to occupy the Gallipoli Peninsula—a War Council move instigated by Winston Churchill—was hopeless from the start, and its disastrous consequences might have been spared had the politicians listened to the naval and military experts. Incidentally, the Lincoln-Grant relationship after March, 1864, is brought in to give point to the argument. The statement of that relationship, taken from Colonel Henderson's famous work on Stonewall Jackson, is, however, somewhat distorted, a far more accurate statement being given by General Sir Frederick Maurice in the August "Atlantic." Viscount Esher, who writes the prefatory note to General Ellison's work, disagrees with most of the argument, but agrees in the main with the conclusions.

Travel

SIGN POSTS OF ADVENTURE. By James Willard Schultz. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.

This book will serve as a true guide to any traveler exploring the beauties of Glacier National Park—territory once completely dominated by the Blackfeet tribes of Indians. Himself an adopted Indian and in sympathy with all their customs, the author has spent time and effort in attaching appropriate Indian names with their legends to every river, mountain, and lake in the park. The remnant of the "Pikuni" feel that once more the land will carry some permanent memorial of their forefathers. Frontier history—the early explorations of the Northwest—are not forgotten. Among the photographs are two quaint reproductions of Fort Union and Fort Benton in 1833, and of that grand and much-loved old trader, Joseph Kipps.

Besides finding it a guide-post, the student of Indian life and manners will reap the benefit of Mr. Schultz's authentic investigations. The legend of the "inishim" (buffalo-stone)—the sacred stone that saved its people from starvation—is perhaps the most charming.

Philosophy

MATTER AND LIFE. By Angela Marco. Harold Vinal, New York. $2.

A psychological study made from a very personal point of view. The author discusses the conflict of science and religion (which she finds not actually opposed), subconscious mind, telepathy, immortality. By inductive reasoning she argues the existence of the soul, and invokes evolutionary processes to show the fallacy of materialism. A plea for the recognition of spiritual values.

Sociology

IF I WERE A LABOR LEADER. By E. J. P. Benn. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.75.

THE NEW LEADERSHIP IN INDUSTRY. By Sam A. Lewisohn. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

Sir Ernest Benn, head of one of Great Britain's largest publishing houses, and author of "The Confessions of a Capitalist," tells what he would do and say if he were a labor leader. He strongly approves of trade-unionism, but his opinion of the "radical intellectuals" who infest the labor movement is anything but favorable. Between Socialism and Communism he makes little or no distinction and unsparingly condemns them both. He would have the trade unions keep out of politics and devote their activities to increasing their wages and otherwise improving their conditions through producing more and better goods as well as through cultivating friendly relations with their employers. To show the British worker the error of his ways a roseate picture of conditions in America is given. The book is forcibly and entertainingly written, and even readers certain to reject much of its teaching will find it a stimulating and helpful work.

Mr. Lewisohn, out of his long experience with labor problems and his friendliness for the workers, writes his views on the questions of wage policies, the harmonizing of unionism with industrial effectiveness, employee representation, management, and the mental hygiene of employers. Extreme radicalism among the workers he believes to be no longer a menace; the most important factor in sound industrial relations is management, and "an orderly solution of our industrial labor problems depends primarily upon the progressiveness of the employing classes." There are a score or more of places wherein the alert proof-reader might have touched up the construction to advantage. Just how the word "between" functions in the sentence (page 40), "This sort of spirit prevails too often in the relation between a governor of one party who is saddled with a state legislature of another," cannot be guessed.

History

THE ROMANCE OF THE BOUNDARIES. By John T. Faris. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers, New York. $6.

All the disputes about our boundaries—international and State—have interesting histories. Mr. Faris has delved deep into many quaint and curious volumes of forgotten lore and picked out for us a number of the more striking episodes. Some are exciting and some merely ludicrous. Our border controversies with England usually carried the threat of war, and a score of times conflict was averted only by the interposition of cool heads on both sides. Two of these crises—the Aroostook and the Indian Stream disputes over the northern boundaries of Maine and New Hampshire—had their plentiful share of *opéra bouffe*. More serious and protracted were the contests over the retention by England of the frontier posts on American soil and the settlement of the Oregon boundary. The colonies also had their quarrels about boundaries, usually continued far into the period of Statehood. The long contests between Pennsylvania and her Southern neighbors (Maryland and Virginia), and between New York and her rivals on three sides (New Jersey, Connecticut, and Vermont), are told at some length. The newer States, too, were quarrelsome about their frontiers. The mimic war between Michigan and Ohio in 1835–6 provides a diverting tale. The general reader will find much in this book that has heretofore escaped him. He will learn something about that strange curve (the only thing of its kind in the United States) which separates Delaware from Pennsylvania; that odd cut in the southern boundary of Massachusetts known as the "Southwick dip;" the projection in the southeastern boundary of Iowa; and the awkward slant and jog in the southern line of Michigan. An occasional misprint of name or date unfortunately occurs; but in this imperfect world one hundred per cent accuracy seems unattainable. A graver fault is that the right-hand pages throughout carry, not the chapter titles, but the title of the book.

Naval History

THE NAVAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD WAR. By Thomas G. Frothingham, Captain U. S. R. The Harvard University Press, Cambridge. $3.75.

This is the third volume of the work, and it is concerned with the share of the United States in the war, in the years 1917–18. It is the work of an expert in naval strategy, and is a sober, although readable history of events. Those who wish a popular story, with picturesque details, will go to some other book. This is a painstaking work of reference.

Religion

RELIGION IN THE PHILOSOPHY OF WILLIAM JAMES. By Julius Seelye Bixler, Associate Professor of Biblical Literature in Smith College. The Amherst Books, First Series. The Marshall Jones Company, Boston. $3.

Sets forth the conflict of two kinds of religious values, monistic and pluralistic.

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James finally decided in favor of pluralism with its aggressive attitude toward life, at the same time retaining certain monistic concepts. Evidence is adduced of James's belief in survival, and the author avers his opposition to the absolute was on account of its denial of more important values. The empirical method, pragmatic test, and will to believe are discussed at length.

Science

HOW INSECTS LIVE. By W. H. Wellhouse. The Macmillan Company, New York. $5.

This volume is elementary in that it may be read almost as easily as Fabre's insect books, but it is also complete in treatment for all but advanced entomologists. To those who would like to know how moths, wasps, butterflies, spiders, beetles, and other small creatures live, walk or fly, eat, fight, reproduce—this is exactly the right book to read. The illustrated Key at the end is a well-contrived aid to study.

Shipping

THE LOG OF THE GRAND TURKS. By Robert E. Peabody. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.75.

Hard-fisted merchant mariners of New England come to mind in Mr. Peabody's pages, with their record of the four ships bearing in succession the name of "Grand Turk." The first and second were the property of Elias Hasket Derby, of Salem, who grew rich out of the prowess of the former as a privateer and merchantman to China and India. The second was the largest ship up to its time ever built in Salem, and it proved unprofitable. The third, a smart brig built at Wiscasset, Maine, won high repute as a Boston-owned privateer in the War of 1812. The fourth was a three-masted schooner that did good service as a carrier during the World War and was wrecked on a reef off Yucatan. The book affords an interesting retrospect of American enterprise under sail.

Children's Books

DERIC IN MESA VERDE. By Deric Nusbaum. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.75.

This is a boy's note-book, put into form with clever pictures by Eileen Nusbaum. It is interesting and full of such observations as would come from a quick-eyed lad who emulates David Birney Putnam, the twelve-year-old who voyaged with the Arcturus.

THE INDIANS TO-DAY. By Flora Warren Seymour. The Benjamin H. Sanborn Company, New York.

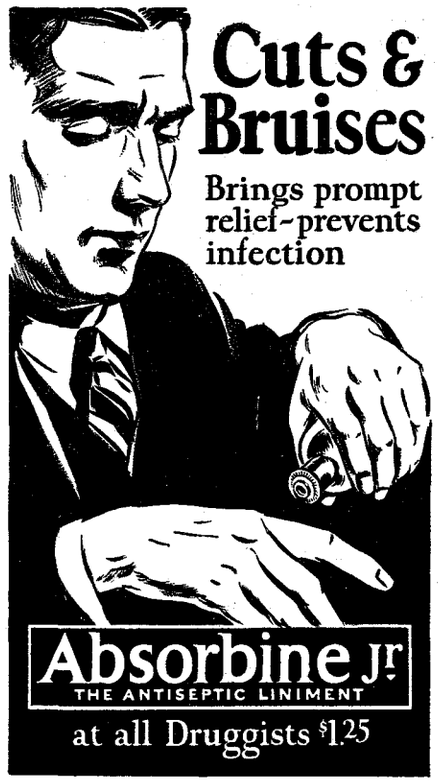
The author is a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners, and writes intelligently for young folks concerning the tribal people as they are to-day. A general survey is given, with much detail concerning the Southwestern Indians. Good pictures add to the value of the volume.

STORIES OF SWISS CHILDREN. By Johanna Spyri. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $2.50.

A handsome volume, illustrated in color, for Christmas. It contains ten short stories by the Swiss author of "Heidi," which has pleased thousands of children. These have been printed before, but are first collected here. The translation by Helen Dole is excellent.

DANIEL DU LUTH. By Ernest McNeil. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

Boys like historical stories, and this is of the kind they like. Du Luth has been called the Robin Hood of Canada. His adventures on the Great Lakes, his race to reach Niagara Falls before the hostile Senecas, his success both in fighting Indians and making them friends for France, are the framework for an exciting tale.



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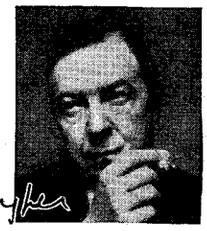

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HAS the humble American tourist no one to speak for him, badgered and harried at home and abroad? I have seen these respectful awkward squads in every gallery in Europe, and their demeanor has always excited my admiration. They carry themselves with a modesty and seriousness that the shallow lightheads of ephemeral criticism find it easy to laugh at. But surely The Outlook should not join this toad chorus of the wiselings against them unless it has better evidence of their misconduct than that furnished by their despisers of the Paris mob, or the hyphenated illuminati of New York. I respectfully ask if you have any such evidence?

SAMUEL ADAMS.

West Long Branch, New Jersey.

Pittsburgh Revisited

What an Ex-Bartender and Sunday-School Superintendent Saw

IN The Outlook for July 28, in an article on "Prohibition and Nullification," this sentence occurs, "Every man thinks he knows, but no man has any real proof to offer." May I offer a little testimony that seems very like proof to me?

I am in my seventy-seventh year. In 1869 I was a bartender in Abilene, Kansas. For the next four years I was in daily contact with the whisky business. In 1876 I joined the Baptist church in Penn Yan, New York, and in the meantime have been the superintendent of nine Sunday schools.

In all my life I have never voted a prohibition ticket nor up to a very few years ago have I even talked against the liquor business. For fifteen years I exhibited live stock at the Dundee Fair, and I lived two miles away for seventeen years. There were always from four to six saloons in the town, and Dundee was notorious for drunks and fights for all the years that I lived there.

Two years ago I attended the Dundee Fair. In three whole days I did not see or hear of one drunk, and there was not one fight. It was the same at the Schuyler County Fair and the Yates County Fair. So much for three fairs that used to be notorious for drinking and fighting. In 1901 I moved to a suburb of the wet city of Pittsburgh, and for fifteen years I was very frequently in the city. Almost every time I was there I saw men drunk on the streets and in the Pennsylvania Railroad station, where at one time there was a bar.

A short time ago I made a three days' visit to Pittsburgh. On my arrival I was assured by a friend that there was more whisky sold in Pittsburgh than ever. I went all over looking for somebody drunk. I did not find any one. I was told to come out Saturday night on a train called "The Bummer" and I could find plenty of drunks. So I took "The Bummer" at near midnight. In the depot there were several hundred men, but not a drunk. "The Bummer" was crowded. I went through every car, found not one drunk. Yet Pittsburgh is said to be the wettest city in Pennsylvania.

While in Pittsburgh I was told by a wet that Mr. Mellon was very largely interested in all the whisky that came into Pittsburgh. There may be as much alcohol sold in Pittsburgh as ever, but, if so, I was there in a dry time.

H. G. HUBBARD.

Meadville, Pennsylvania.

Scientific Facts About Diet

A CONDENSED book on diet entitled "Eating for Health and Efficiency" has been published for *free distribution* by the Health Extension Bureau of Battle Creek, Mich. Contains set of health rules, many of which may be easily followed right at home or while traveling. You will find in this book a wealth of information about food elements and their relation to physical welfare.

This book is for those who wish to keep physically fit and maintain normal weight. Not intended as a guide for chronic invalids as all such cases require the care of a competent physician. Name and address on card will bring it without cost or obligation.

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By the Way

STATISTICS tell us that there is now one auto for every five people in this country. We suggest the limiting of drivers to four pedestrians each.

Marcus Loew's unaccepted offer of $5,000 a week for Miss Gertrude Ederle's appearance in vaudeville has been reduced to $1,500 a week. Three successful Channel swims in one month caused the drop in price, especially since one of the conquerors, as a mother of two children, might cause greater curiosity in vaudeville. "Trudy" had better sign up a contract or two before Channel swimming becomes a weekly occurrence.

We hear so much "Nize Baby" talk now that this little incident should be ripe for telling. Two of our Semitic citizens who speak the Milt Gross dialect were told by the traffic cop to pull their car over to the curb.

"Where do you think you're going?" growled the officer. "You're in too much of a hurry. I think I'll hand you a ticket for speeding." The frightened motorist paled.

"And," continued the cop, "I also believe I'll hand you another ticket for passing that red light back there."

"I also think," the policeman continued, sarcastically, "that I will slip you a ticket for obstructing traffic."

By this time the driver was frightened speechless. But not so Mrs. Feitelbaum, in the rear seat; she spoke up: "Sha, sha, Mister Policeman, dun't pay no attantion to heem. Hizz dronk!"

From "Life:"

Rafter: "I'm becoming so near-sighted that I bump into people when I walk along the street."

Shafter: "Goodness, man! That's dangerous. Why don't you buy a car and drive it?"

We are always glad to hear from those of our readers who notice amusing signboards. Mr. Avery L. Rand, of Webb City, Missouri, writes of an office window in Carthage, Missouri, bearing the letters:

HARDAWAY
BUTCHERS
DENTISTS

We wonder what the dentists did to Hardaway.

From "Life:"

"And did the children have a good time at the beach Saturday?" he inquired.

"Oh, Uncle Harold, I should say we did! Fanny got sick from riding on the roller-coaster; Mary was lost for the whole afternoon; George ate so much pop-corn and drank so many things he had to be taken to the first-aid station; Howard was nearly drowned when he fell off the pier; Paul lost his hat and coat and his new watch; and Grace sprained her ankle. We're going again next Saturday. Don't you want to come along?"

First Boy: "My father, he dropped twelve stories, and it never hurt him at all, no, sir!"

Second Boy: "You don't say so! How did that happen?"

First Boy: "He's an editor."

The new "Vitaphone," which reproduces the voices of those appearing in the moving pictures, may revolutionize the method of titles and explanatory captions. The picture players may be required from now on to "talk" these titles. This, we are sure, will bring up several difficulties, for few of the present-day movie stars know anything of elocution and diction and some of them can't even speak the English language.

"What's the use of washing my hands before I go to school, mother?" said the small boy. "I'm not one of those who are always raising them."

Country cousin: "Now this is the bossy cow that gives little Elsie such nice milk."

Little Elsie (just from the city, whose knowledge comes from the advertisements): "Now show me the one that gives the malted milk."

Better times are ahead if we help others to have a better time.

"Doesn't the upkeep of that old car of yours cost you a lot of money?"

"Oh, no; I get off very easily; it doesn't cost me a cent. You see, I live right next to the railroad crossing."

Try your hand at composing short poems for this column. Here is one:

How odd
Of God
To choose
The Jews!

Another still shorter:

Adam
Had 'em.

We will wager that you cannot compose one shorter than this:

I.
Why?

You will know the kind of a school to which Jessie was sent when I tell you that before she had been there many weeks she had been persuaded to change her name to Jessica, because that is far more tony. According to the "Christian Advocate," she wrote to her brother shortly after she reached the school and signed herself by her new name, and anon received the following reply:

"Dear Jessica—I received your welcome letter. Mammaica and Papaica are quite well. Aunt Maryica and Uncle Georgica have gone to London. I have a new chum. His name is Samica Jonesica.—Your affectionate brother, Tommyica."

Just the epistle you would expect from a brother.

Mr. Harold T. Pulsifer, President of The Outlook Company, on reading of the troubles of Mr. Ludlum in last week's By the Way column, told its editor that he was also once the victim of a similar blunder on the part of a maid. Mr. Pulsifer called up his home and left word that he was planning to go for a week-end to a famous fishing club on Long Island. This is the way the message was transmitted: "Mr. Pulsifer say he gone for week to wine and dance club." The real name of the club was the Wyandanch.

First colored boy: "Boy, you is so thin you could close one eye and pass as a needle."

Second colored boy: "Doan' you talk, mister; you is such a little thread you could just pass through ma closed eye."

Do you know which verse in the Bible contains all the letters of the alphabet except the letter "j"? If you do not, you will find that verse in these columns next week.

The answer to last week's conundrum is Me-men-toes.

NO LOSS TO ANY INVESTOR IN 53 YEARS

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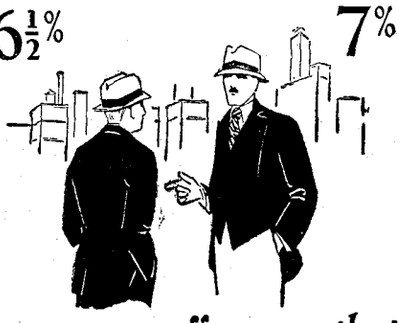

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WANTED—Woman about 40, refined, educated, good health, active, no encumbrances, with executive ability, as assistant in household duties where servants are kept, in quiet country place, two elderly ladies. Good home and salary for responsible person with experience. Answer, stating age, nationality, religion. No one not liking quiet, sensible life need apply. Box 128, Princeton, N. J.

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AMERICAN middle-aged woman, Protestant, wishes position as companion-housekeeper to lady, managing housekeeper or housemother in school. Address W., Lock Box 748, Englewood, N. J.

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LADY, university graduate, with teaching experience, desires winter tutoring with travel, either in United States or abroad. Compensation no object. 7,220, Outlook,

PRACTICAL nurse, traveling to California in October, will act as nurse or companion to invalid or elderly person for all expenses. References. 7,236, Outlook.

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WANTED, by Canadian university graduate, 22, position as governess, tutor, companion. Teaching experience. 7,229, Outlook.

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MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

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